

*"This comic is an
absolute feast of
good things."*

— ComicBook.com

BLACK CAT



WILLIAMS
+ MARTE
GRACE

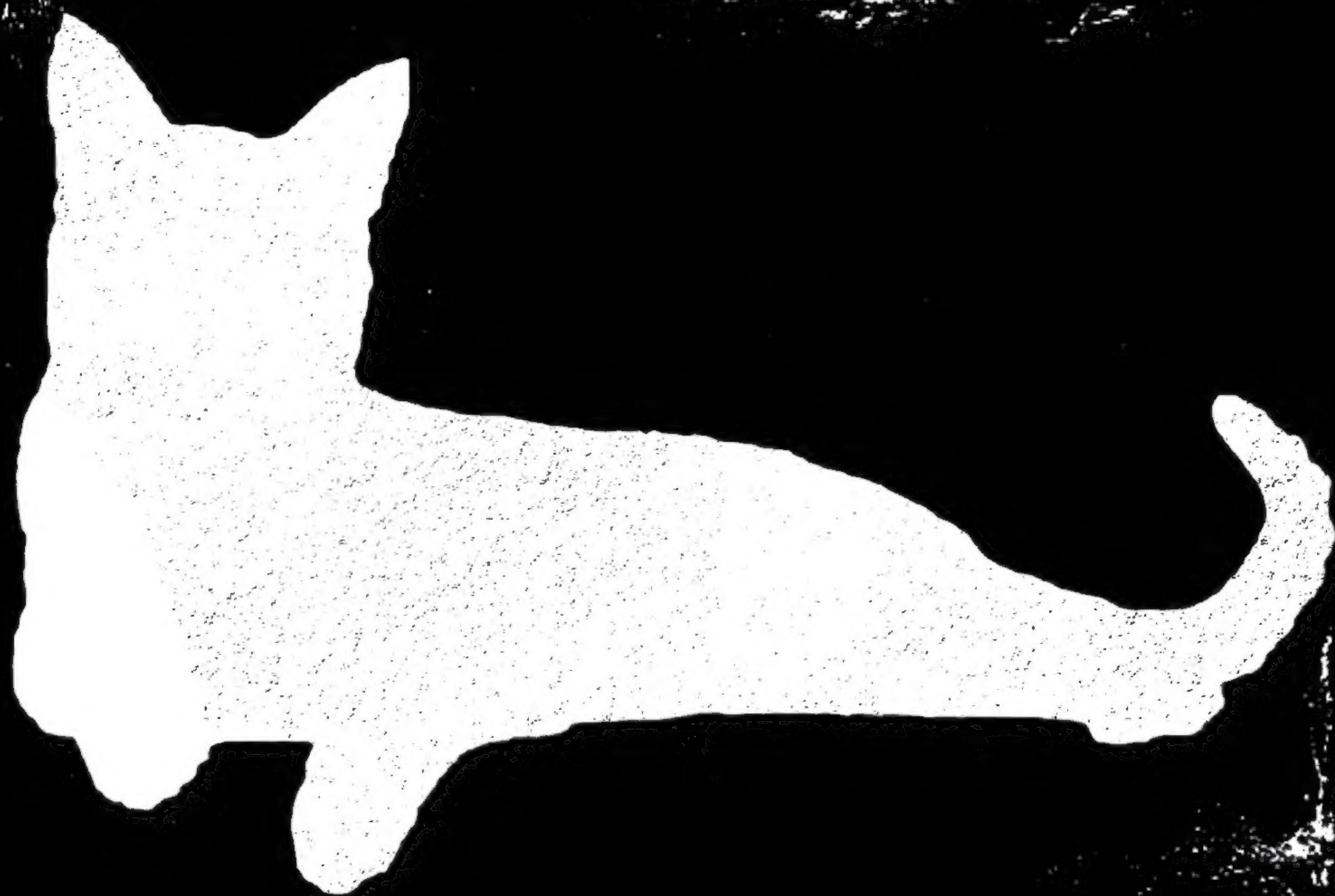
**MAC KAY
VILLA
REBER**

INFINITY SCORE

MARVEL

BLACK CAT

INFINITY SCORE



Felicia Hardy is the world's greatest thief, known to some as the **Black Cat**. Recently, she pulled off a string of high-stakes heists backed by her crew, **Bruno and Doctor Korpse**, at the behest of her former mentor and father figure, the **Black Fox**. But when the Fox revealed that his true plan was to sink New York City into an extradimensional vault in exchange for immortality, Felicia was forced to betray him to save the city, condemning him to the vault instead.

With New York saved and the Black Fox gone, Felicia needs some time to grieve her loss. But when a shiny new mark comes her way, she won't be able to say no...



BLACK CAT

INFINITY SCORE

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CONSIDER
THE CAT.







...SHE ALWAYS
LANDS ON
HER FEET.

WHUMP!

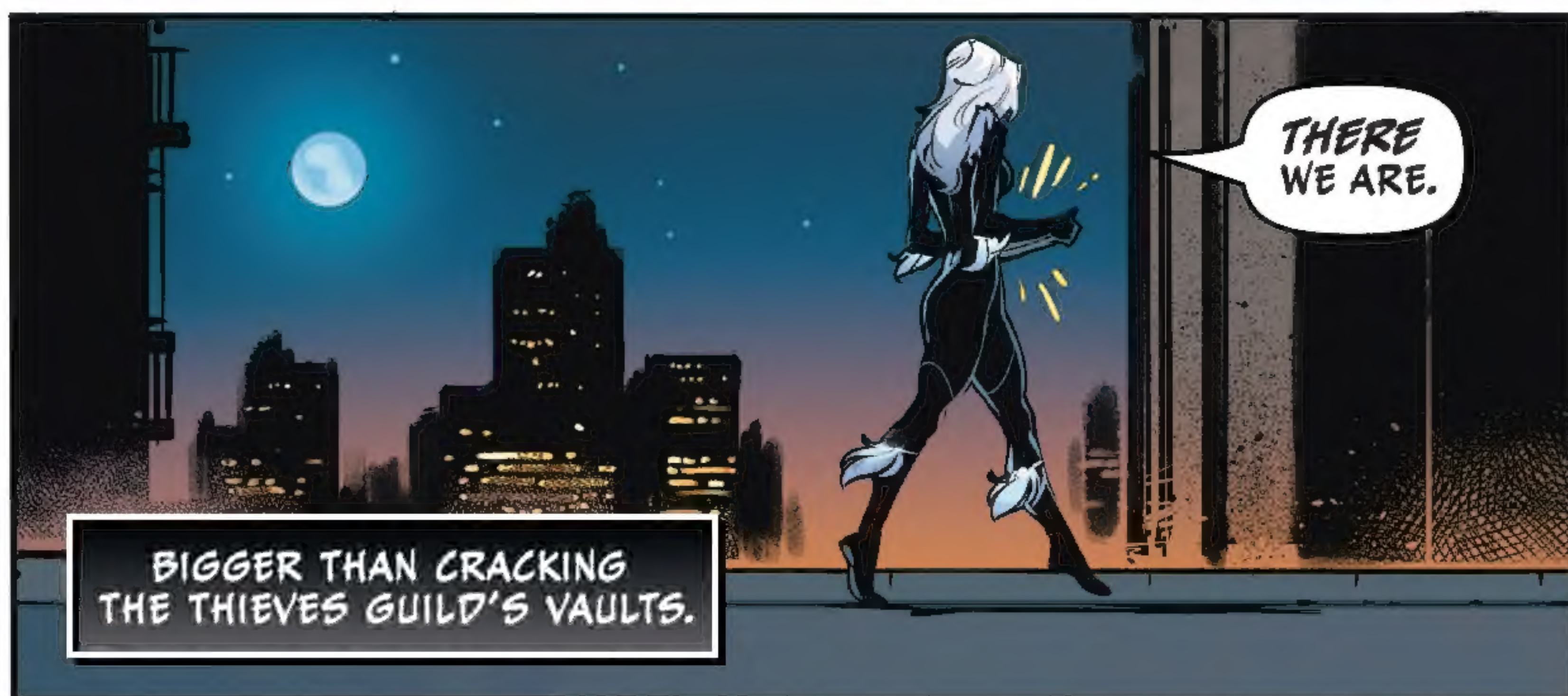


AND
BESIDES...



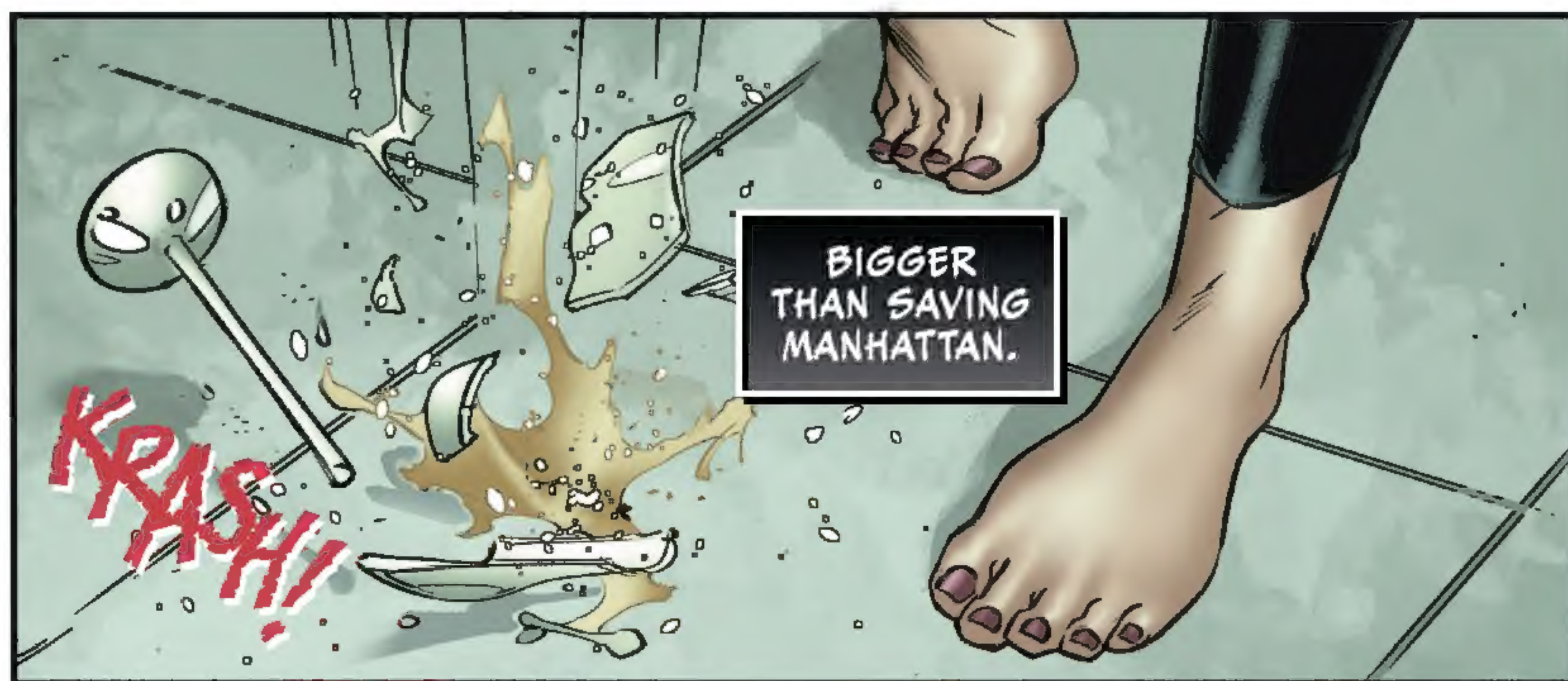
I DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY
OF FEELINGS RIGHT NOW.

NOT WHEN
I'M WORKING
ON THE
BIGGEST
JOB OF MY
CAREER.



THERE
WE ARE.

BIGGER THAN CRACKING
THE THIEVES GUILD'S VAULTS.



BIGGER
THAN SAVING
MANHATTAN.

KRASH!!

BIG.

FLURCHT!

AND
I'VE GOT
ONE SHOT
AT IT.

CHIK!

BRUNO, YOU
RECEIVING?

FIVE
BY FIVE,
BOSS.

DOL, YOU IN
POSITION?

IN
POSITION.

IN STINKING,
FETID,
POSITION.

THEN LET'S
GET ON THE
GOOD FOOT,
BABY.

HIT IT.

KRSH!



"AND ERE A MAN
HATH POWER TO SAY
'BEHOLD!' THE JAWS
OF DARKNESS DO
DEVOUR IT UP.

"SO
QUICK BRIGHT
THINGS COME TO
CONFUSION."

HeHEHEhe!

AND WITH
ONE PRESS OF
A BUTTON...

...EVERY CON ED
ACCOUNT FOR A HALF
MILE AROUND IS HIT
WITH A CUTOFF SIGNAL
CLAIMING SIX MONTHS
OF UNPAID BILLS, AND
DARKNESS REIGNS.



I HAVE
ONE
SHOT
AT THIS
JOB.

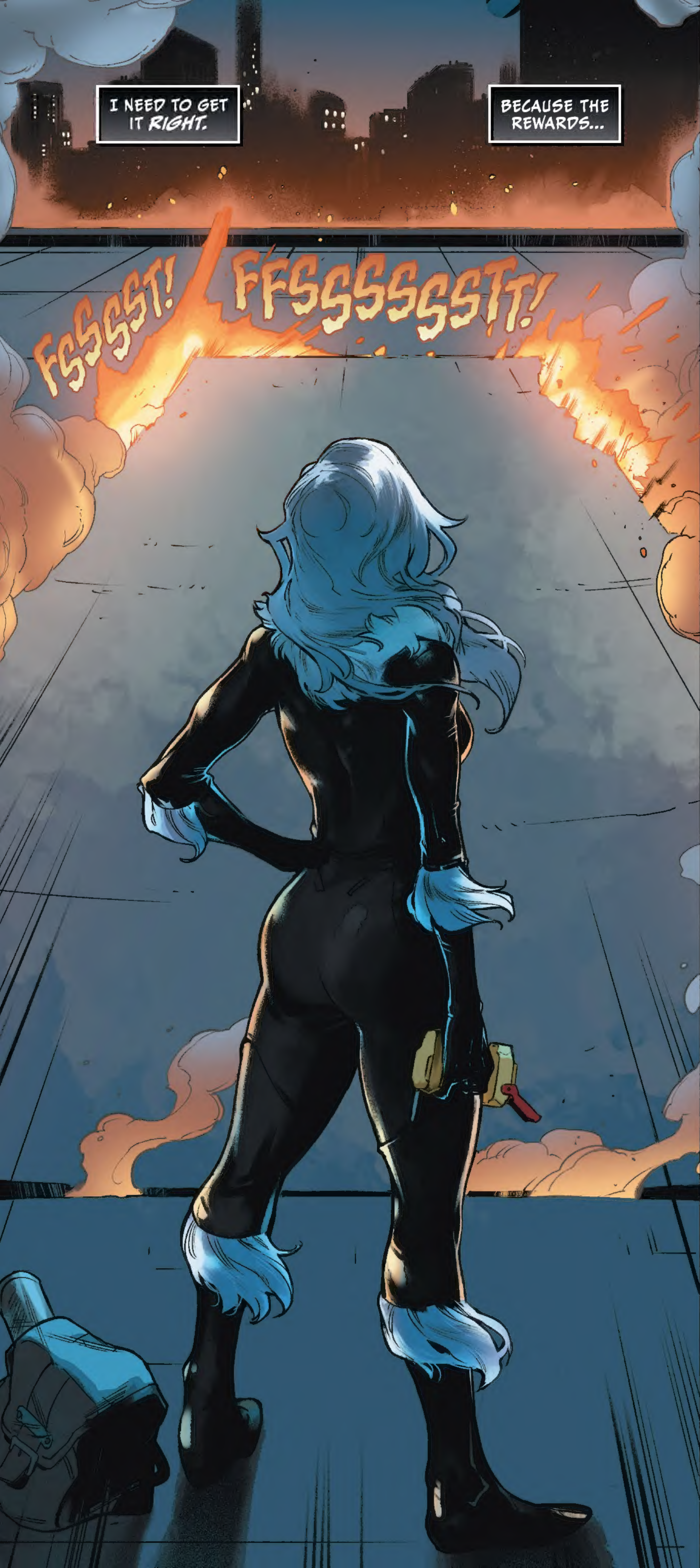


SO:

POW.



FFSSSSSTT



I NEED TO GET
IT *RIGHT*.

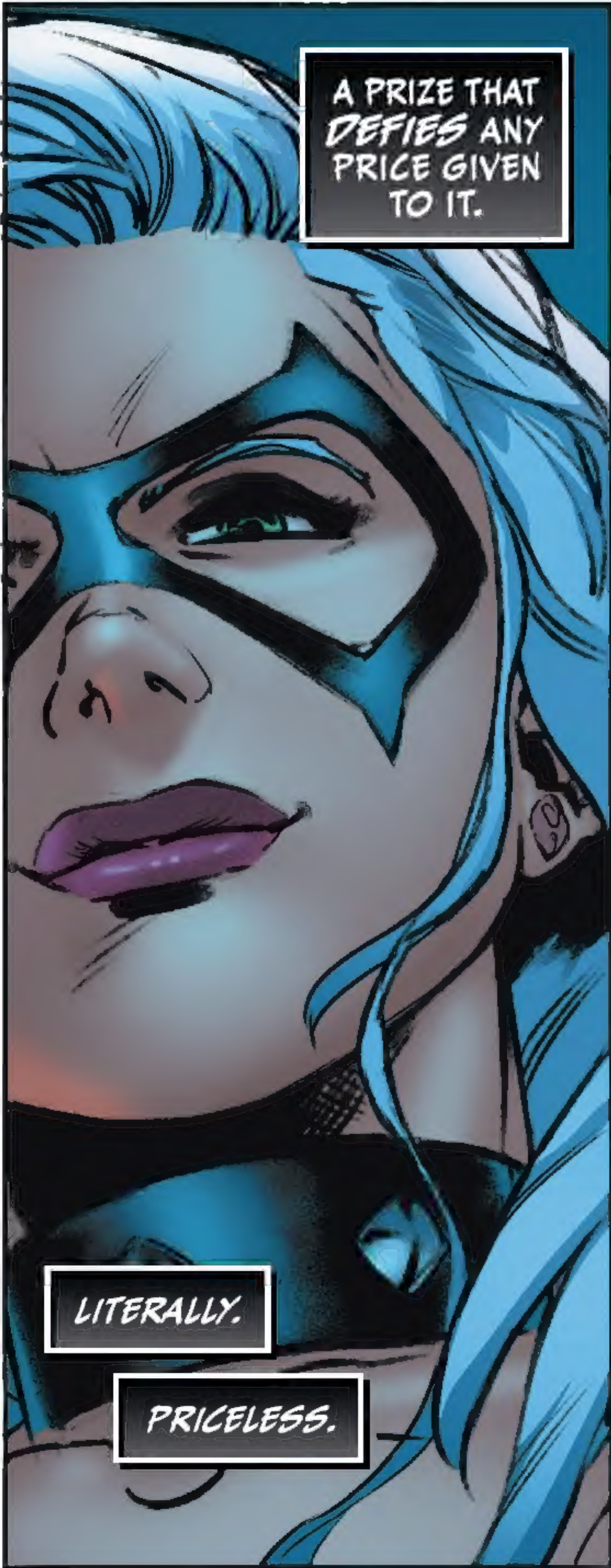
BECAUSE THE
REWARDS...



MORE THAN MONEY.

SSSSST!

MORE THAN
DIAMONDS OR
GEMS. MORE
THAN GOLD
OR SILVER.



A PRIZE THAT
DEFIES ANY
PRICE GIVEN
TO IT.

LITERALLY.

PRICELESS.

NOW, A
WAREHOUSE
ON THE DOCKS
ISN'T EXACTLY
THE HEIGHT
OF A SECURE
LOCATION.



BUT IT DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE.
BECAUSE IT HAS
WHAT 4 YANCY
STREET, AVENGERS
MOUNTAIN, ETC.,
DON'T HAVE.

ANONYMITY.

SECRECY.

YOU CAN'T
ROB A
PLACE IF
YOU DON'T
KNOW IT
EXISTS.

BUT THE PROBLEM
WITH *SECRECY*
IS THAT IT'S LIKE
A *DIAMOND*.

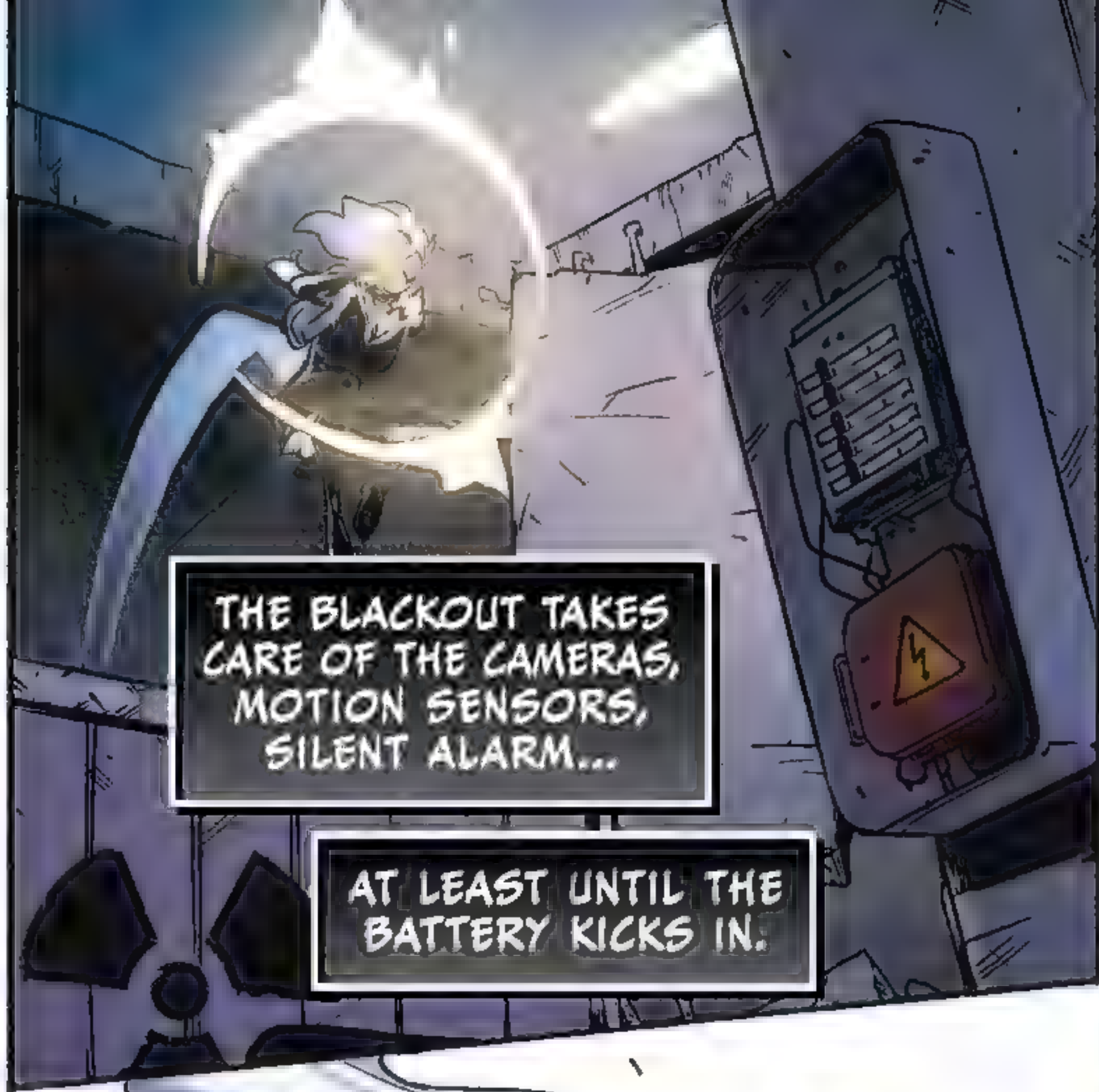
IT'S HARD.
BUT IT'S
FRAGILE.
BRITTLE.

IT CAN BE *SHATTERED*.
BECAUSE ONCE YOU *KNOW*
ABOUT THE THING, IT'S
NOT *SECRET* ANYMORE.

AND
I *LIKE*
KNOWING
THINGS.

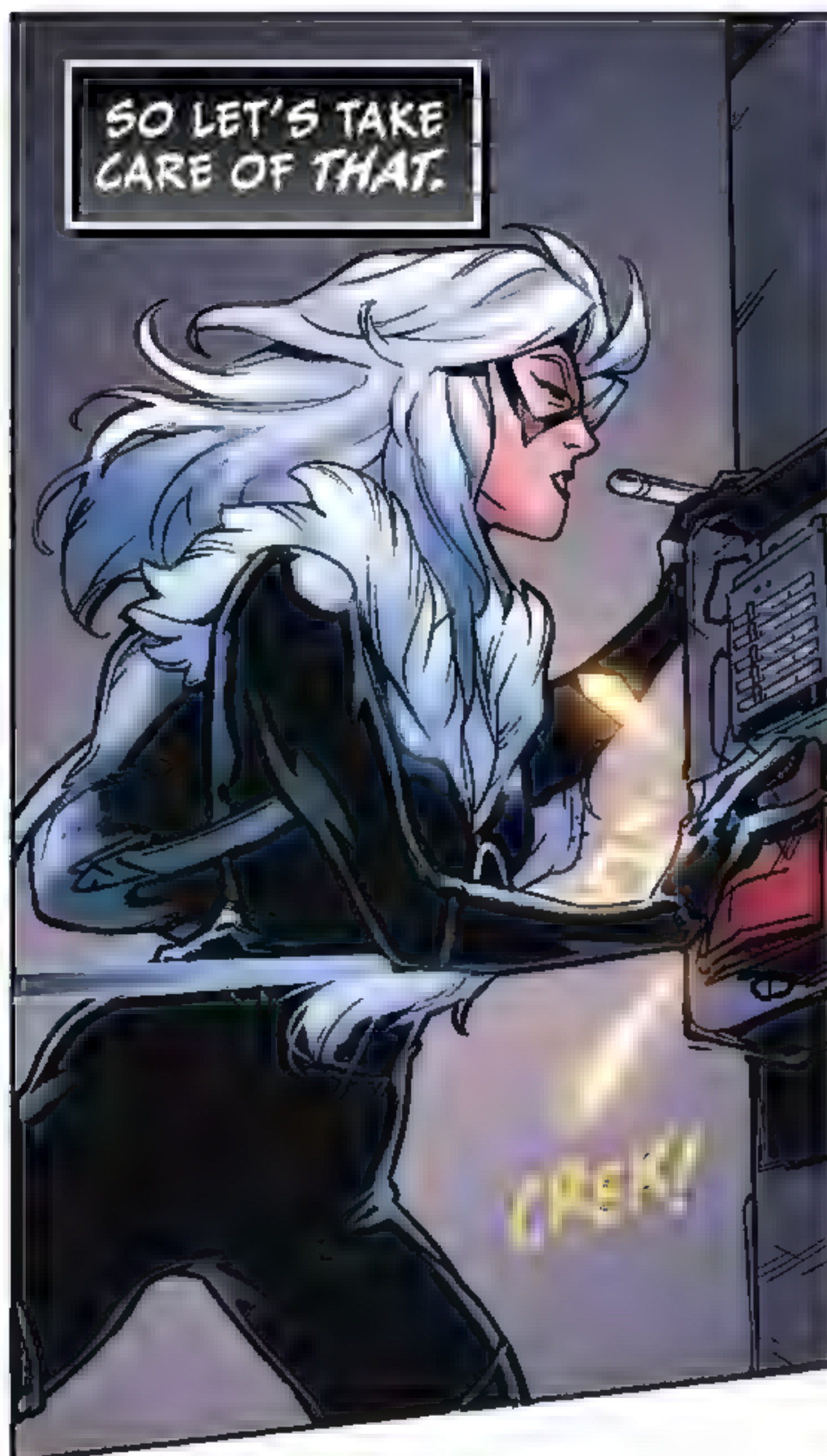
IT'S A
CURRENCY
LIKE ANY
OTHER.
A *TOOL*.

AND A THIEF
ALWAYS NEEDS
THE RIGHT TOOLS
FOR A JOB.



THE BLACKOUT TAKES CARE OF THE CAMERAS, MOTION SENSORS, SILENT ALARM...

AT LEAST UNTIL THE BATTERY KICKS IN.



SO LET'S TAKE CARE OF THAT.



OF COURSE, THIS IS ALL JUST BUYING TIME.

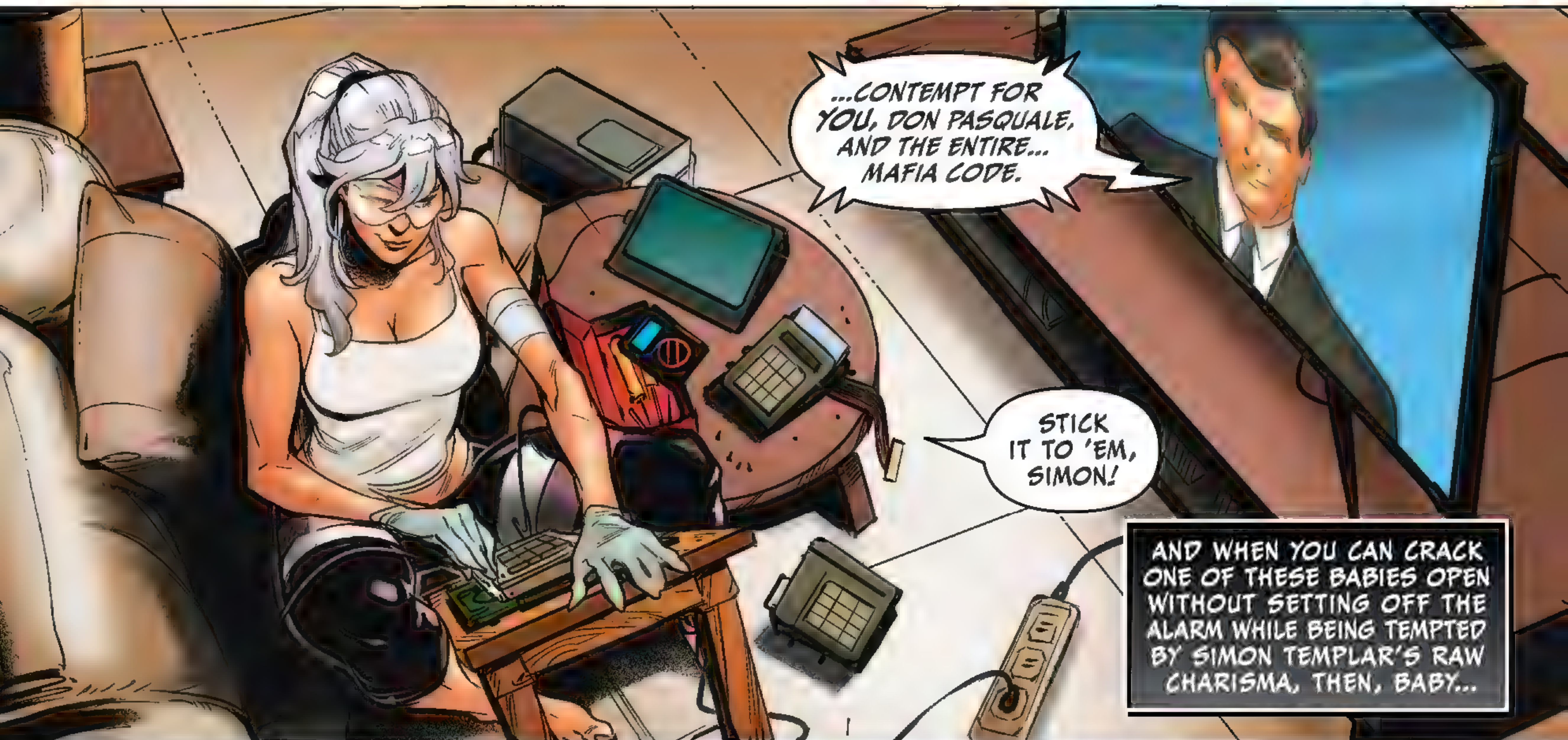
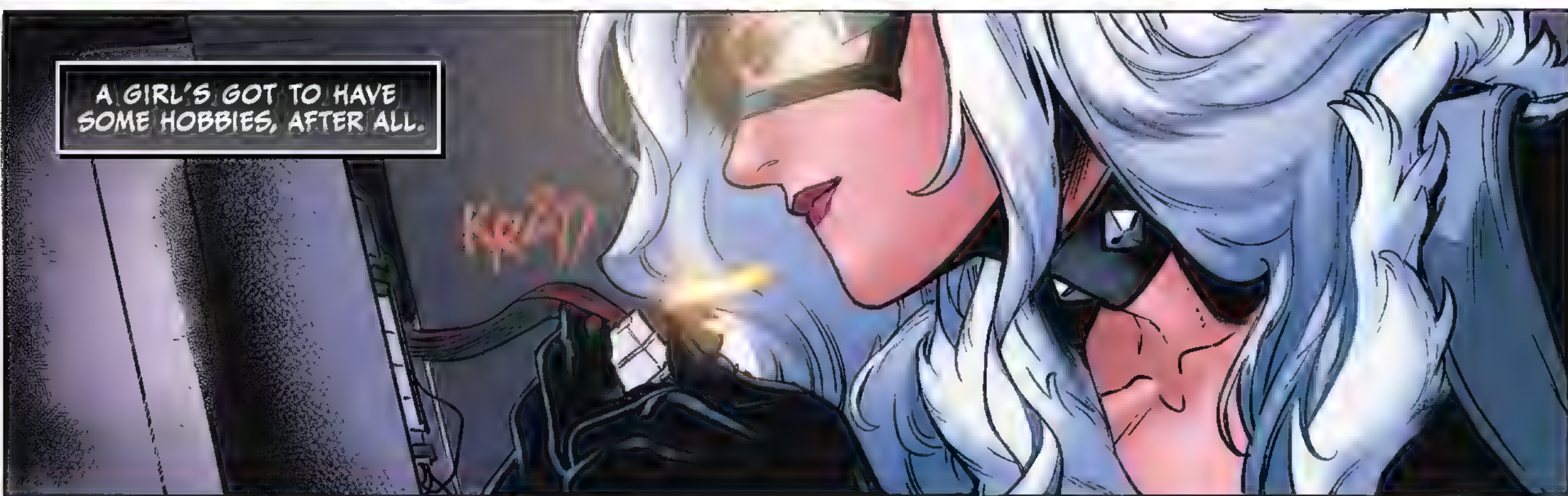
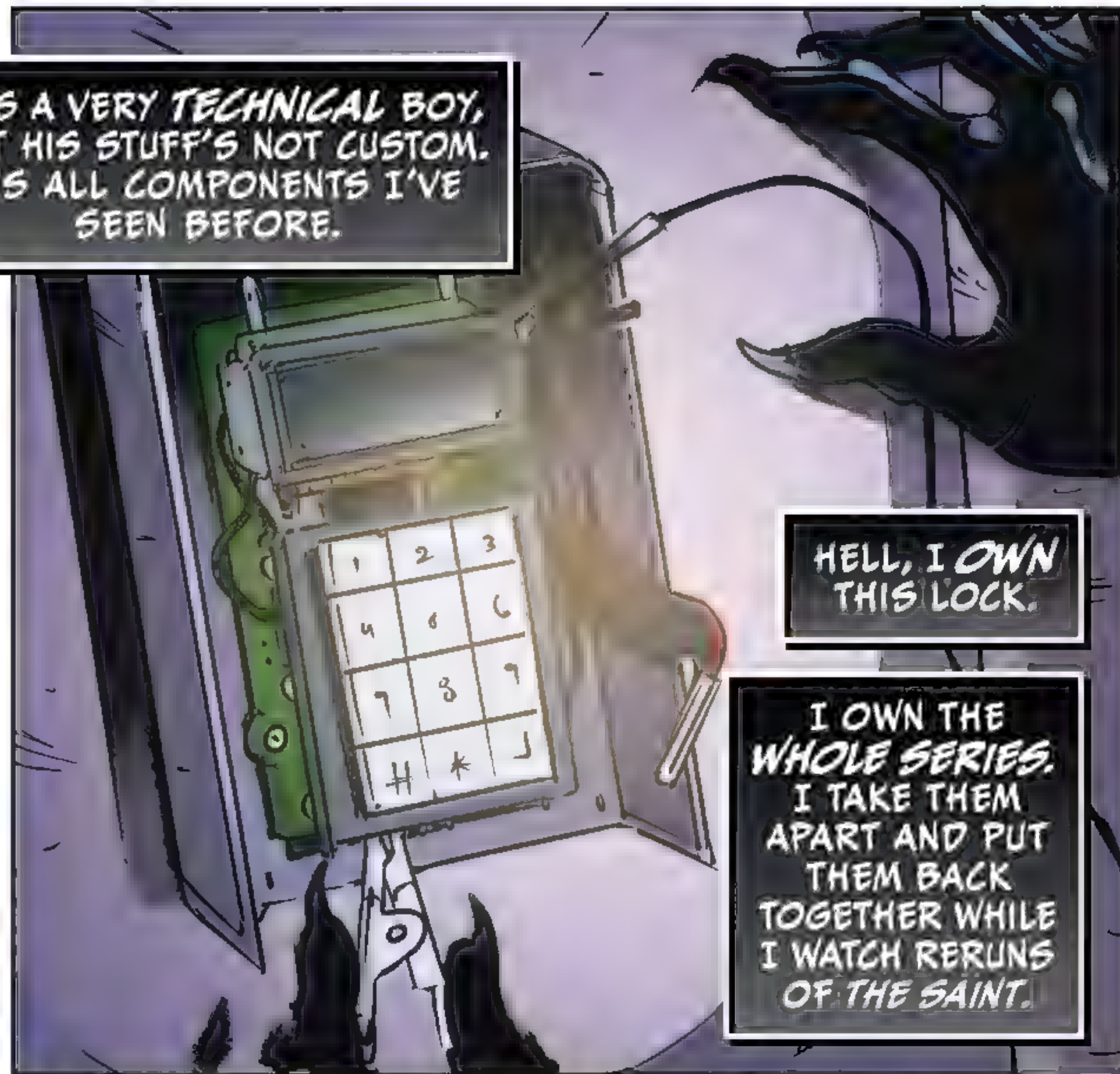
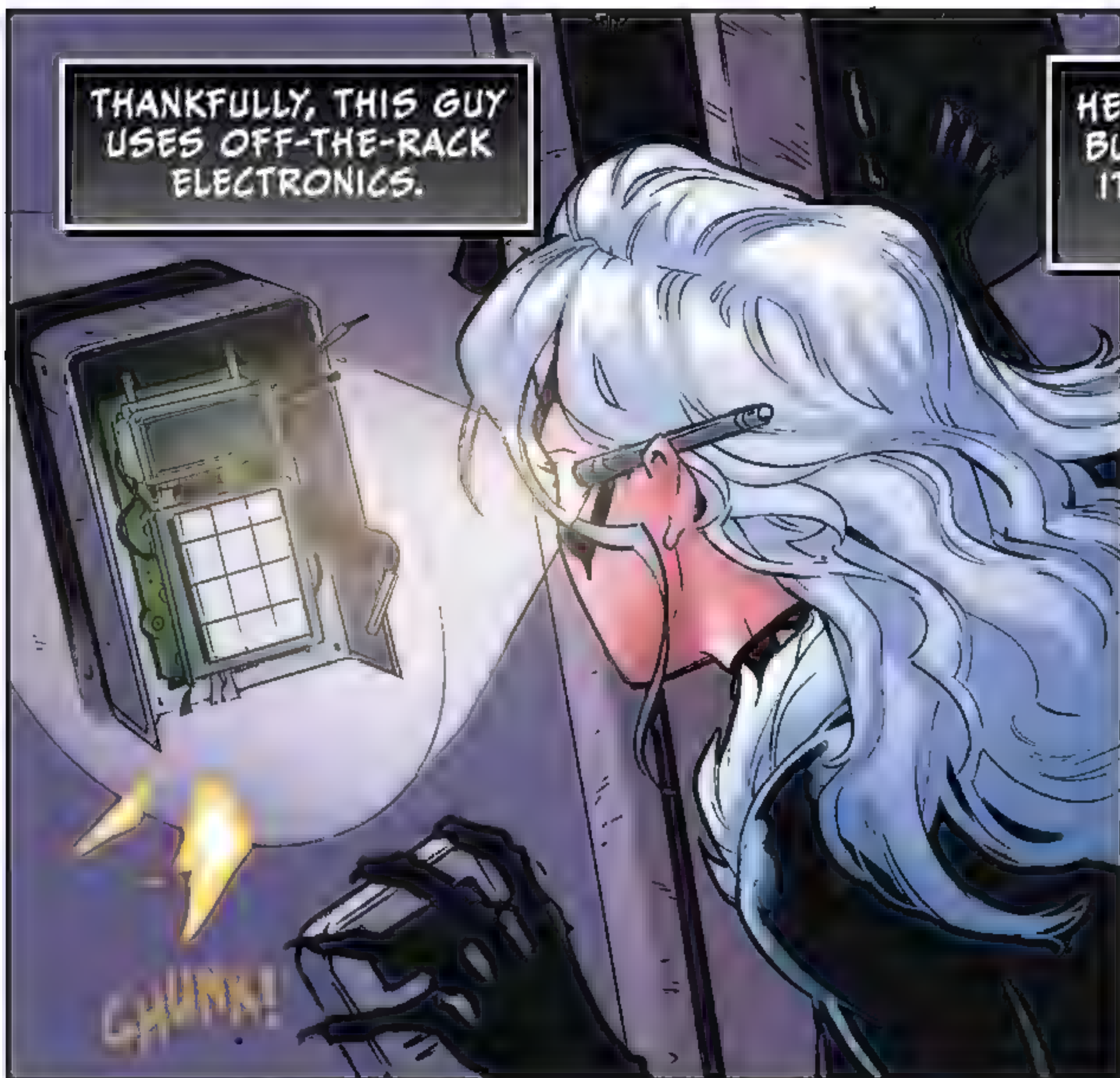


THE GUY I'M RIPPING OFF, HE'S GOT P-A-R-A-N-O-I-D TATTOOED ACROSS HIS KNUCKLES. HE'S GOING TO TWIG TO MY VISIT BEFORE LONG.

SO I NEED TO BE QUICK. NIMBLE. ELEGANT.

I NEED TO BE THE CAT.









NOW.

LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE.



NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.



"THIS IS NOT A PLACE OF HONOR."

Uh-oh.

MY TECHNICAL BOY. FASTER THAN I EXPECTED.



YOU WANT TO ELABORATE ON THAT?

NUCLEAR WASTE. THAT STUFF'LL BE WITH US FOREVER, WILL OUTLAST OUR SOCIETY.

SO THE EGGHEADS SAT DOWN AND TRIED TO FIGURE IT OUT--

HOW COULD THEY MAKE IT SO PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH ANYMORE, PEOPLE FOR WHOM *OUR* TIME WAS A DISTANT MEMORY, A MYTH...

HOW COULD THEY KEEP THESE FUTURE GENERATIONS AWAY FROM THESE STILL-DANGEROUS NUCLEAR-WASTE STORAGE AREAS?

THEY CAME UP WITH THE MESSAGE THEY WANTED TO GET ACROSS.





WAIT--!

DAMMIT,
NO!

HOPWHOPOWHO

YOU
ALL GOOD
DOWN THERE,
BOSS?

Oh,
YEAH.





DAMMIT, FURY!

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?!

THUMP!



THIS IS ME BEATING YOU IN A SPY THING!

TRY NOT TO HAVE ANY HARD FEELINGS!



SLEEVE GUN LIKE THAT, I MAKE IT, WHAT, A 7-ROUND MAG?!

.22 LONG RIFLE OR .25 ACP?!

I'D ASK IF IT CAME IN MEN'S, BUT I THINK WE'RE BOTH ABOVE THAT!



APPRECIATE IT!

NOW TELL YOUR PILOT TO LAND!

YOU KNOW I GOT FOUR SHOTS LEFT, AND YOU KNOW ANY ONE OF THEM COULD CRACK OPEN YOUR PRETTY SKULL!



Oh, NICK, NICK, NICK...

I THINK YOU ARE SORELY UNDERESTIMATING EXACTLY HOW MUCH SKIN I HAVE IN THIS GAME.



NOW LET'S SEE
WHAT KIND OF SKIN
YOU'RE WILLING
TO GIVE UP!



RAAARGH!

SHICK!

UUGHKK!

BOING!



HAHAHA!
GOTCHA!

POC!

THOK!

Whufff!

RRKKKK!



YAAAA!

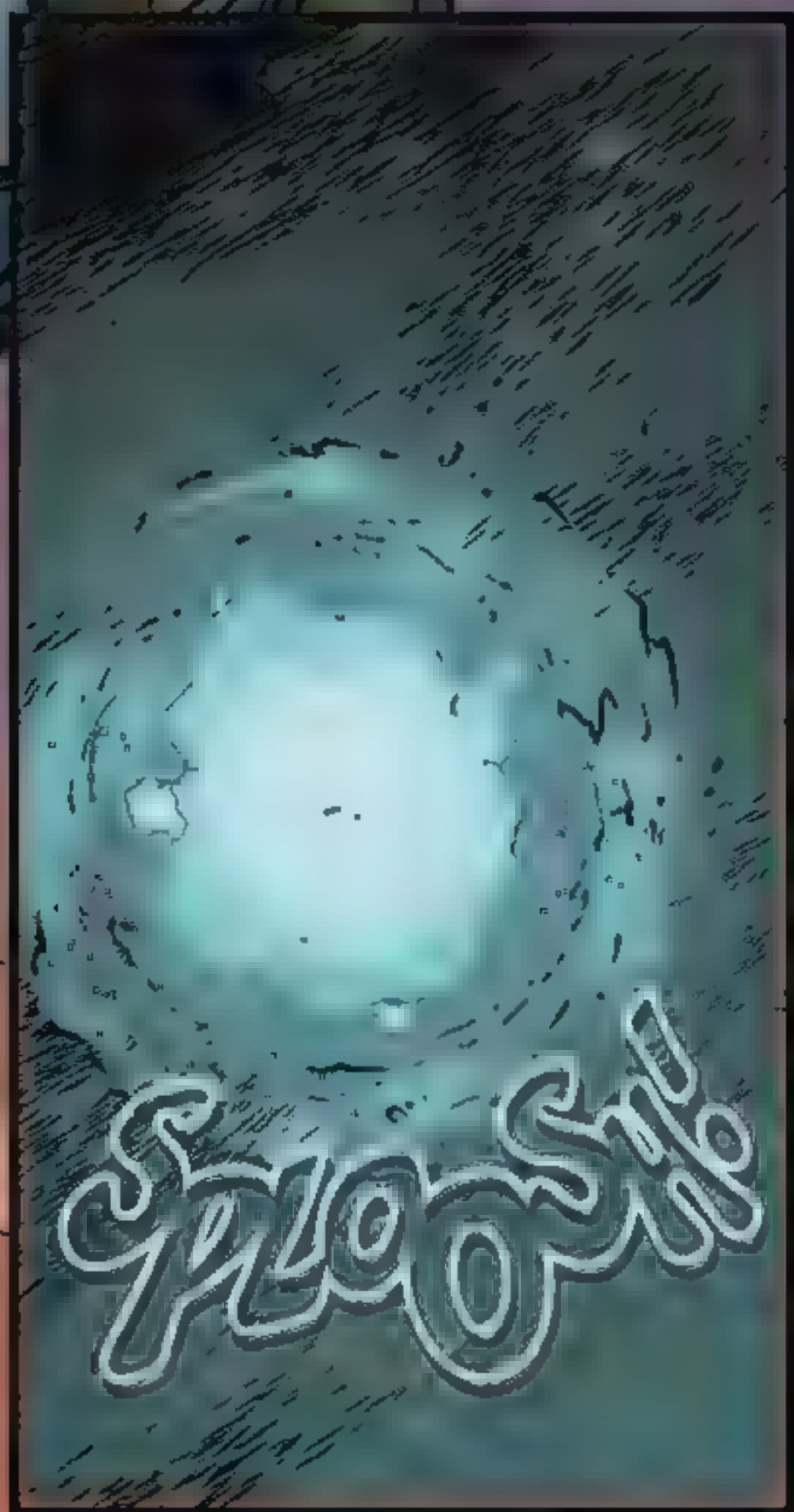
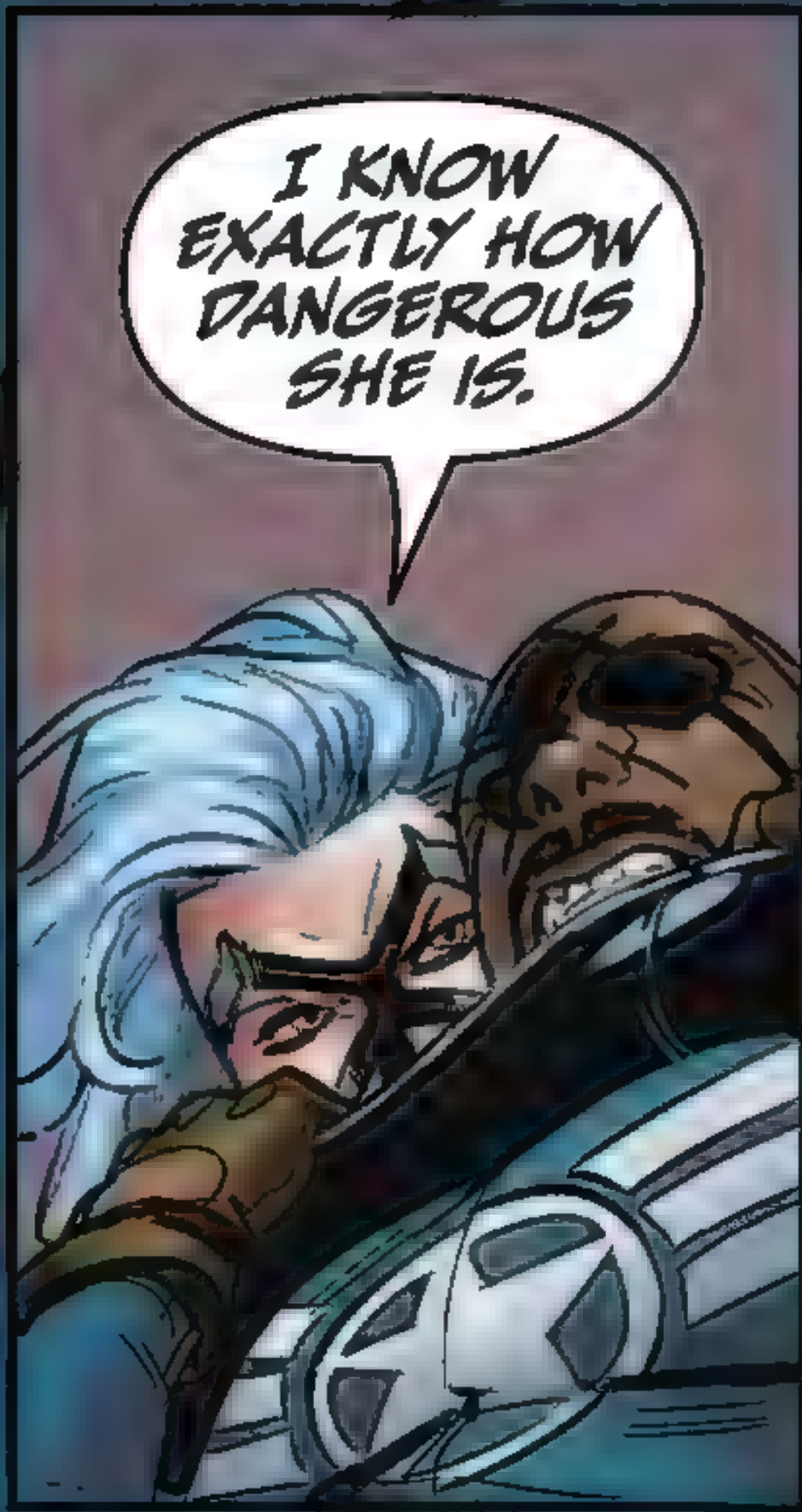
WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
NICK?

IS
THIS YOU
BEATING
ME?

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
SHE IS!

YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW
DANGEROUS
SHE IS!



LATER. THE NEW HIDEOUT.

WHAT'RE
YOU WAITING
FOR, BOYS?

LET'S
CRACK THIS
NUT.

VREEENNCHH!

CHU!
CHU!
CHU!

MESSING
WITH NICK
FURY.

CHU!
CHU!
CHU!

VREEEN

S.H.I.E.L.D.
ISN'T
AROUND
ANYMORE,
SURE.

BUT A GUY LIKE FURY?
THAT JUST MAKES HIM
MORE DANGEROUS.

DOESN'T MATTER.

FOR THIS JOB,
I'D PUNCH OUT
GALACTUS
IF THAT'S WHAT
IT TOOK.

LET FURY
COME.

LET THEM
ALL COME.

THEY
WON'T
STOP
ME.

IT'S
OPEN,
HARDY.



WELL,
WELL,
WELL...



CONSIDER
THE CAT.

THE CAT KNOWS
WHAT SHE WANTS,
AND SHE'LL GET IT.

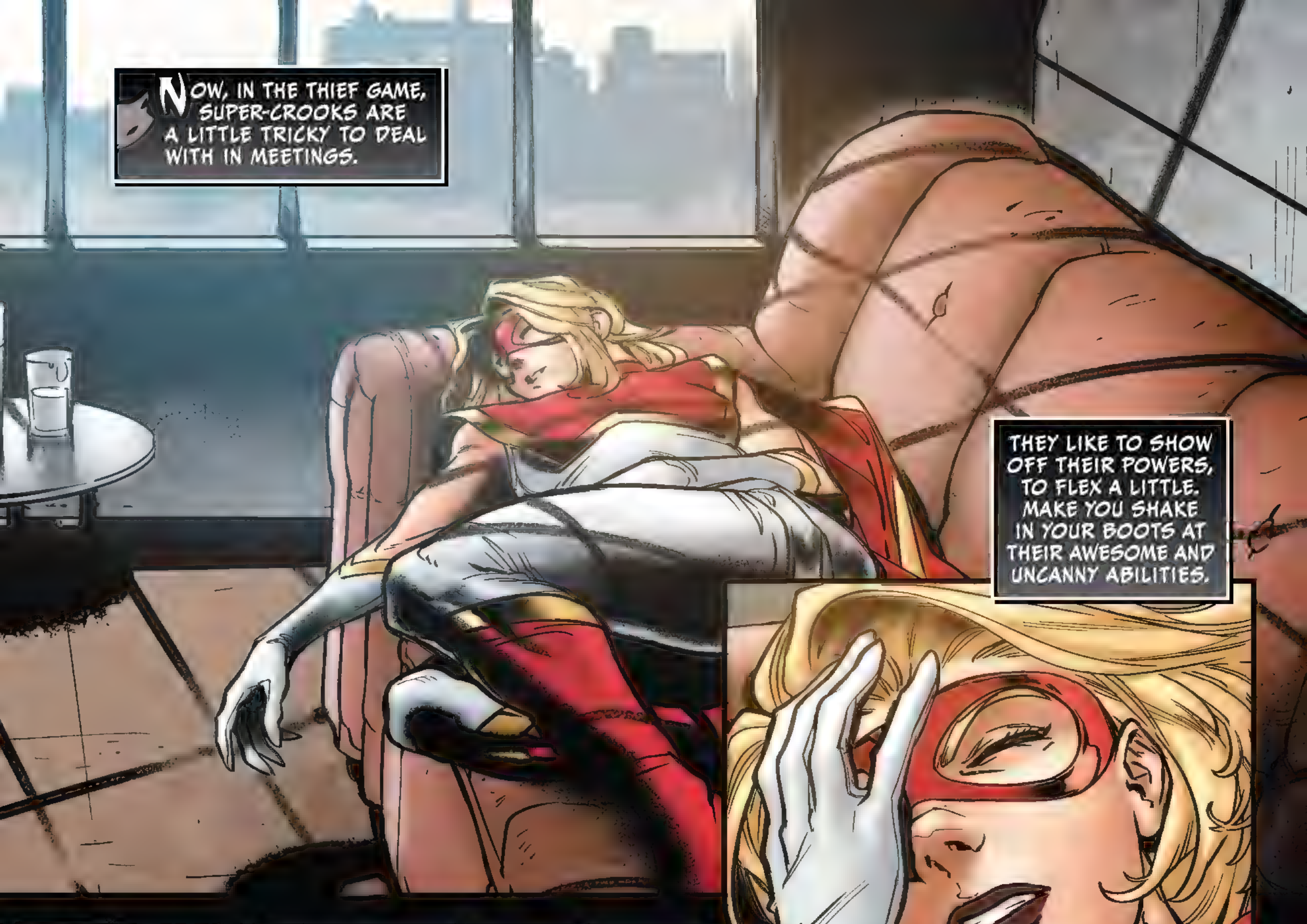
AND DAMN THE
CONSEQUENCES.

THIS IS IT,
BOYS.

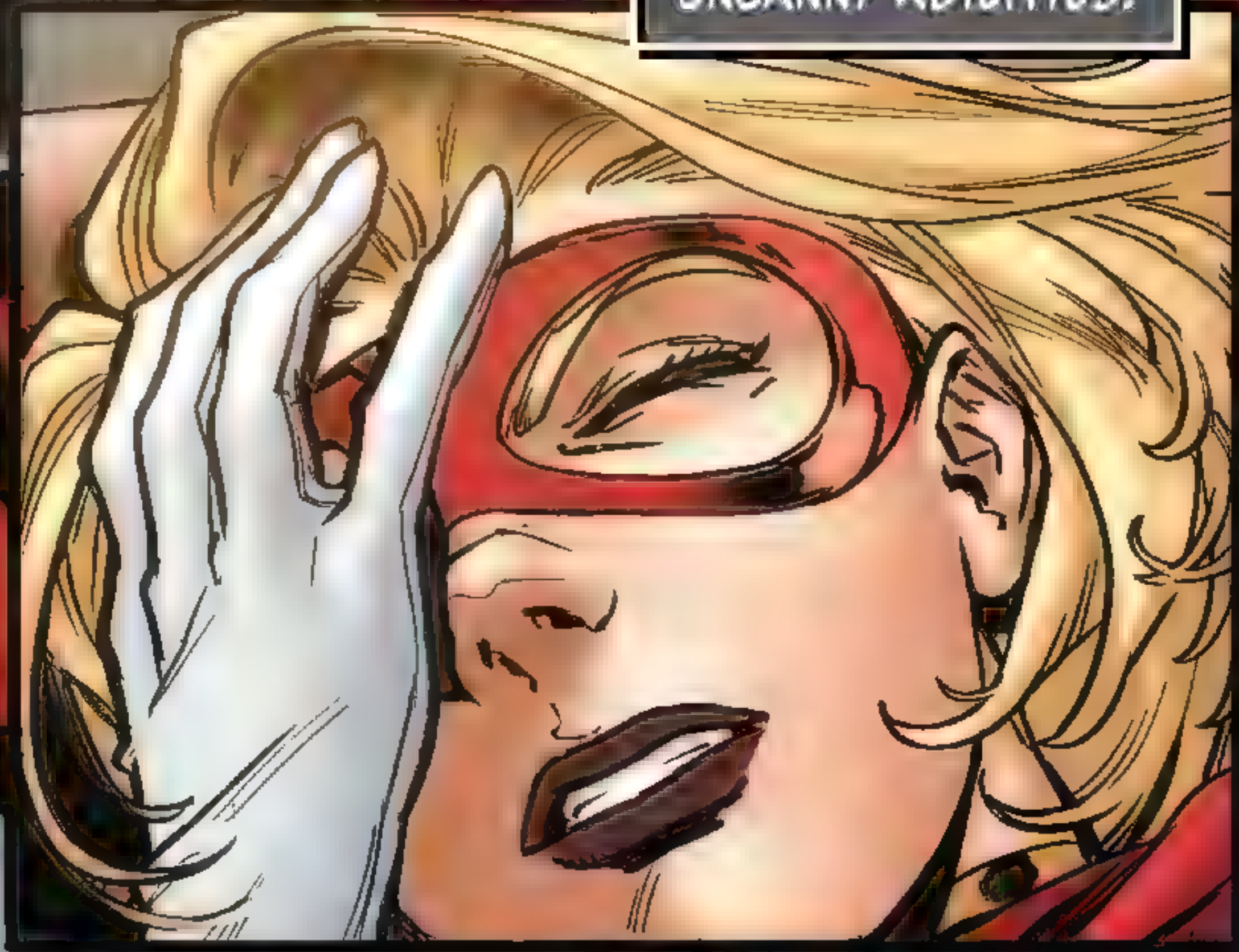
NO TURNING
BACK NOW.



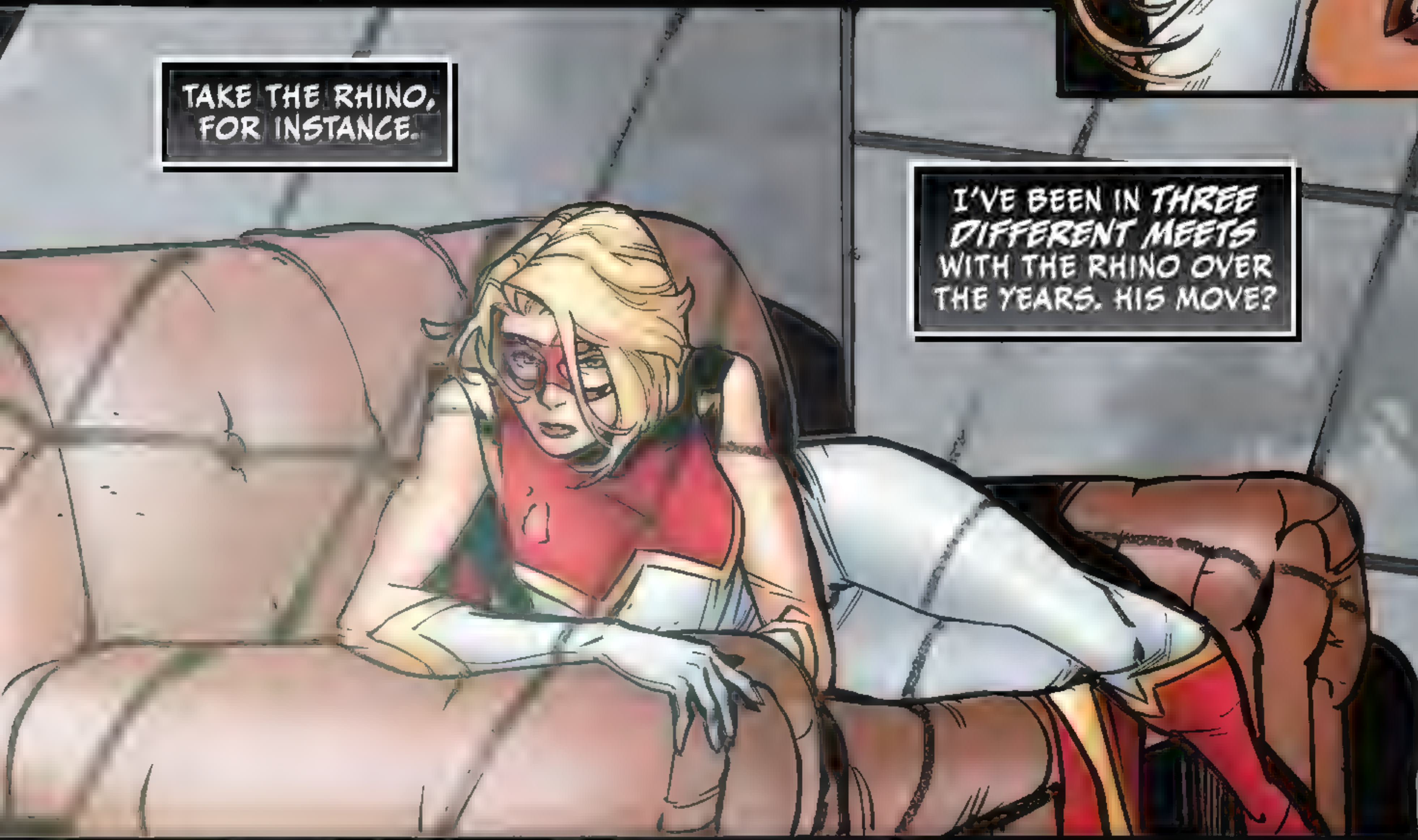
NOW, IN THE THIEF GAME, SUPER-CROOKS ARE A LITTLE TRICKY TO DEAL WITH IN MEETINGS.



THEY LIKE TO SHOW OFF THEIR POWERS, TO FLEX A LITTLE. MAKE YOU SHAKE IN YOUR BOOTS AT THEIR AWESOME AND UNCANNY ABILITIES.



TAKE THE RHINO, FOR INSTANCE.



I'VE BEEN IN THREE DIFFERENT MEETS WITH THE RHINO OVER THE YEARS. HIS MOVE?



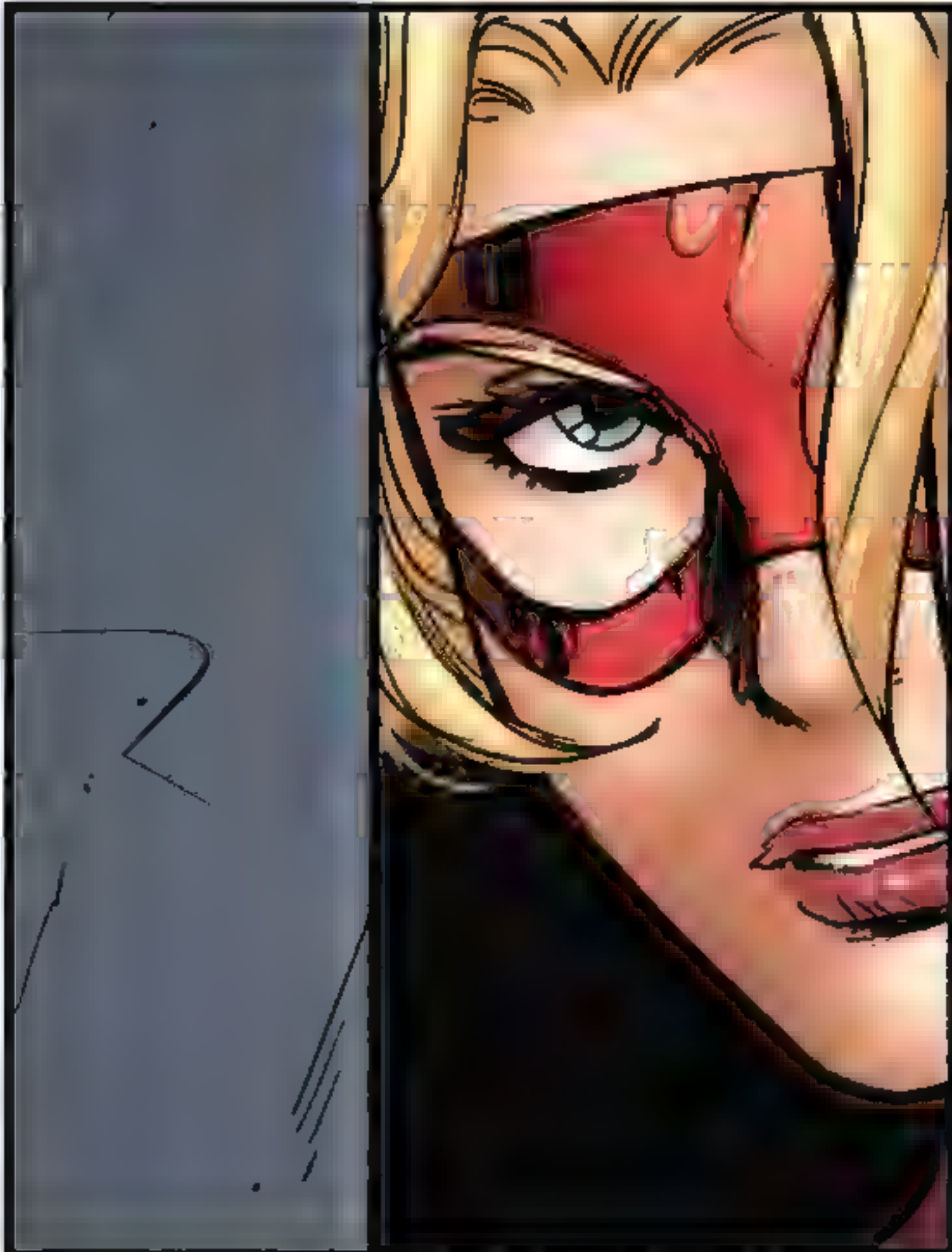
HE CRUSHES A POOL BALL IN HIS HAND. GRINDS IT INTO DUST. THAT'S A WHOLE LOT OF P.S.I. RIGHT THERE.



ONE OF THOSE MEETS? THERE WASN'T EVEN A POOL TABLE AT THE PLACE.

HE BROUGHT HIS OWN POOL BALL FROM HOME.

WHAT I'M SAYING IS, SUPER VILLAINS LIKE TO GO STRAIGHT TO THE IRON HAND. THEY SKIP THE VELVET GLOVE ENTIRELY.



NOT ME, THOUGH.

AFTER ALL, YOU GET MORE FLIES WITH HONEY, RIGHT? SOMETIMES, ALL YOU NEED...

...IS A LITTLE
HOSPITALITY.

WELL,
HEY THERE,
SLEEPYHEAD!





COME ON OVER.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE FAMISHED AFTER ALL THAT.

I'VE GOT A WHOLE VERMONT SMORGASBORD OVER HERE.



WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?



FELICIA HARDY. THE BLACK CAT.

CHIEF THIEF.

BADDEST B IN NYC.

AND THIS IS MY HIDEOUT. WELL, ONE OF THEM.



RIGHT.

AND YOU'RE RIPLEY RYAN. BETTER KNOWN AS STAR.

EX-JOURNALIST. WANNABE SUPER VILLAIN.

WANNABE?



SAYS MS. "CHAMPAGNE AND CORNED BEEF" OVER HERE.

WELL, EXCUSE ME.



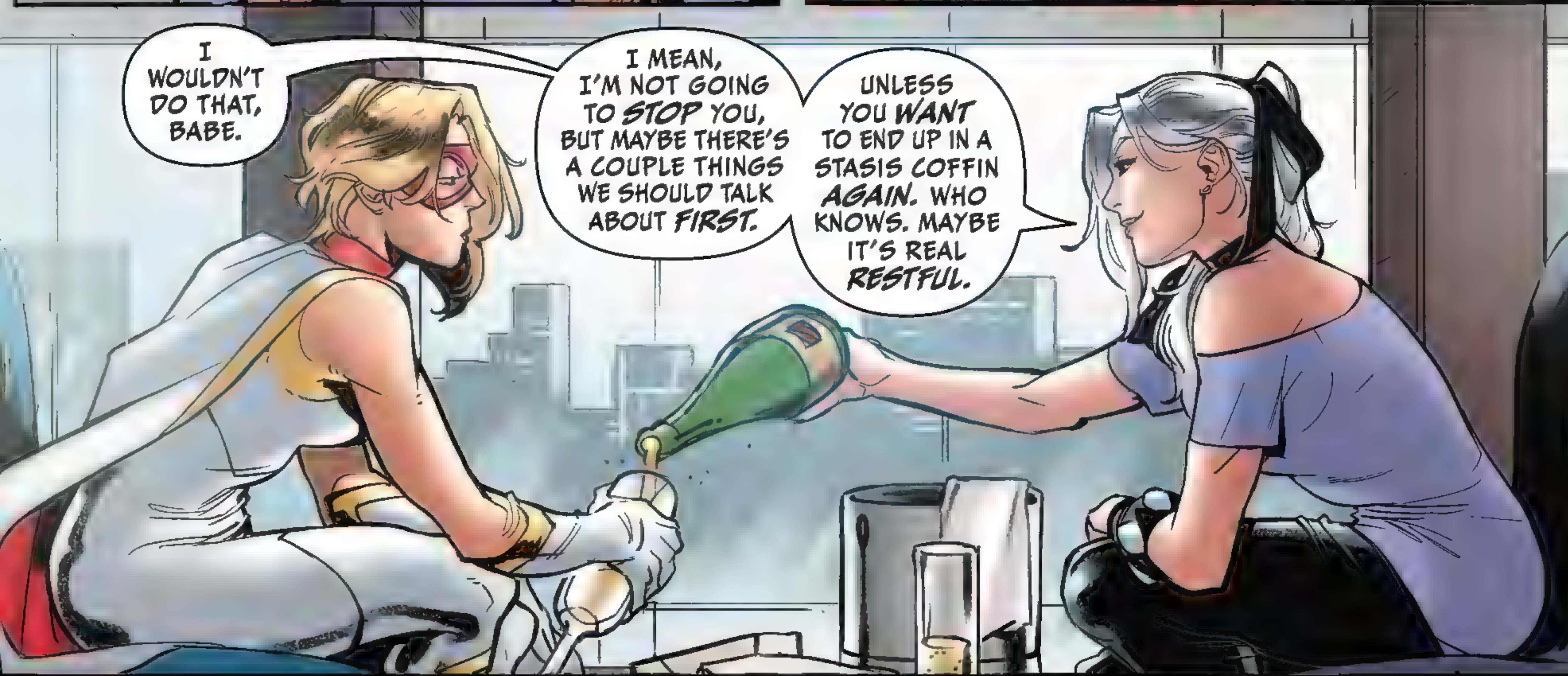
I DIDN'T
REALIZE GETTING
YOUR GUTS PUNCHED
OUT BY CAPTAIN
MARVEL* AND ENDING UP
IN A STASIS COFFIN**
WAS CONSIDERED
SUCCESSFUL.



AS MUCH AS
I APPRECIATE A
SANDWICH...

...AND
SHADE BEING
TOSSED ON
MY *RÉSUMÉ*,
I THINK I'M
GOING TO
TAKE THIS
TO GO.

THANKS
FOR...
WHATEVER
THIS WAS.



I
WOULDN'T
DO THAT,
BABE.

I MEAN,
I'M NOT GOING
TO *STOP* YOU,
BUT MAYBE THERE'S
A COUPLE THINGS
WE SHOULD TALK
ABOUT *FIRST*.

UNLESS
YOU WANT
TO END UP IN A
STASIS COFFIN
AGAIN. WHO
KNOWS. MAYBE
IT'S REAL
RESTFUL.

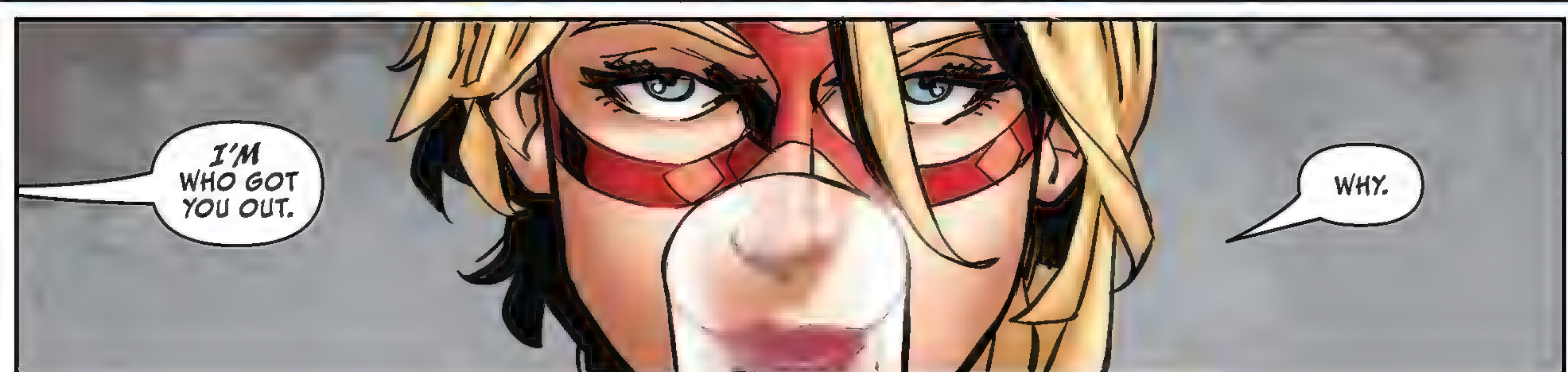


LOOK,
I STILL
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT--

FURY,
NICHOLAS
JR.

CRUSADING
FORMER-S.H.I.E.L.D.
SUPERSPY.

HE
TRACKED YOU
DOWN, TOOK
YOU DOWN,
LOCKED YOU
DOWN.



I'M
WHO GOT
YOU OUT.

WHY.



I HAVE A CLIENT.

A REAL HEAVY HITTER. SOMEONE YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH. KIND OF GUY WHO HAS A *WHOLE NATION'S RESOURCES* AT HIS DISPOSAL.

DOCTOR DOOM. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT *DOCTOR DOOM*.

WHY, I'D NEVER COMPROMISE A CLIENT'S ANONYMITY.



MONICA RAPPACCINI.

EVER HEARD OF HER?

NO.

OF COURSE YOU HAVEN'T-- YOU'RE A BABY SUPER VILLAIN.



RAPPACCINI WAS A BIG BRAIN OVER AT A.I.M.

CYBERNETICIST, ULTRAPHYSICIST, THE WHOLE SHEBANG.

MY CLIENT WANTS RAPPACCINI IN HIS POCKET, WANTS HER TO WORK FOR HIM.

DIABOLIC SUPER VILLAIN STUFF.

YOU KNOW, CONQUERING THE WORLD AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

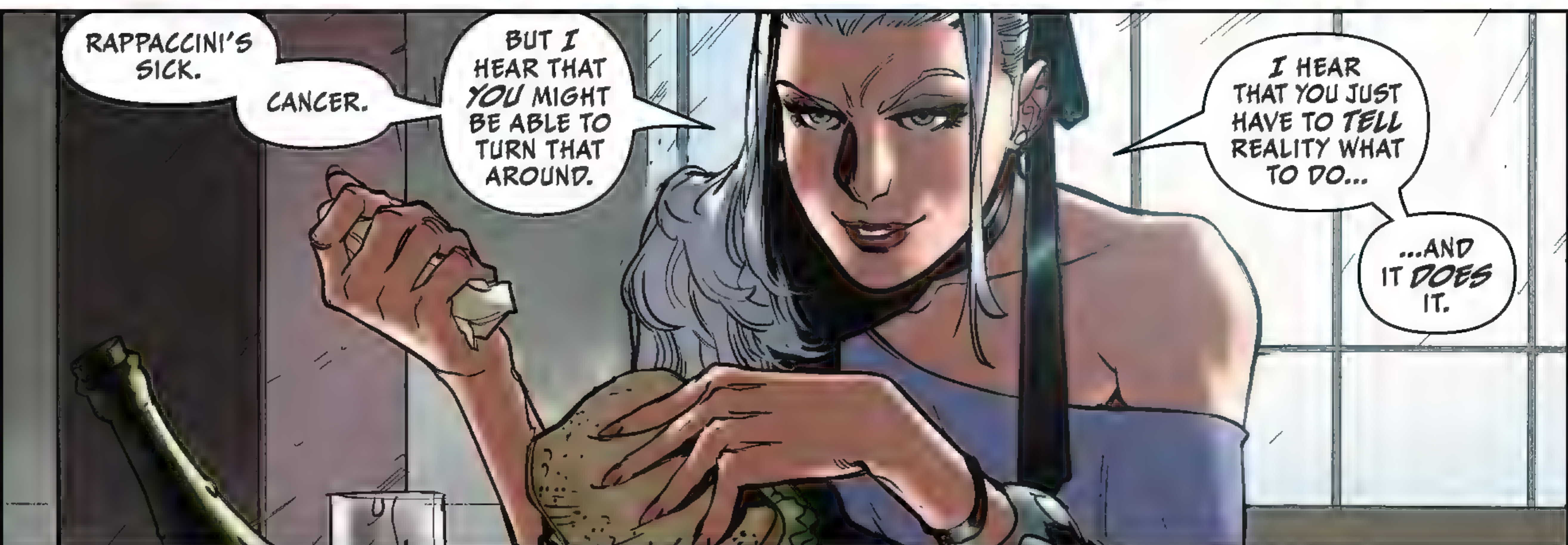


SO FAR I DON'T SEE ANYTHING THAT INVOLVES ME.

YOU WANT SOMEONE IN YOUR POCKET, YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM FOR THEM.

MY CLIENT IS A BUSY GUY AND HIRED ME TO HANDLE RAPPACCINI'S PROBLEM.

THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.



RAPPACCINI'S SICK.

CANCER.

BUT I HEAR THAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO TURN THAT AROUND.

I HEAR THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO TELL REALITY WHAT TO DO...

...AND IT DOES IT.



SO WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?



WELL, I **DID** FREE YOU FROM FURY.

BUT WE'LL CALL THAT A **GOOD DEED**.

LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE A **BABY SUPER VILLAIN**. YOU GO OUT THERE, FURY'S GOING TO GET YOU AGAIN. AND THIS TIME, YOU'LL **STAY GOT**.

ME? I'VE BEEN IN THIS GAME MY WHOLE LIFE. I CAN KEEP YOU OUT OF FURY'S CROSSHAIRS. HE'S GOOD...



...BUT HE'S GOT **NOTHING** ON ME.

NOT IN **NEW YORK**.

WHEN WE STOLE YOU, WE ALSO **RIPPED** OFF FURY'S FILES.

AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, THE **SCANNER** HE USED TO **FIND** YOU, TO **TRACK** YOUR **UNIQUE ENERGY SIGNATURE**.



NOW, KNOWING WHAT HE WAS USING, WE WHIPPED UP A LITTLE **COUNTERMEASURE**.

HERE. AS LONG AS YOU WEAR THAT, YOU'RE **INVISIBLE** TO HIM. AND IF YOU DO THIS JOB FOR ME, YOU CAN **KEEP** IT.

AND I'LL SET YOU UP WITH AN **I.D.** AND **CASH**, SO YOU CAN **FIGURE** OUT WHAT YOU WANT TO DO NEXT.

I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW. MY POWER ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO **CURE CANCER**. SURE, IT MIGHT **CLEAN** HER UP.

BUT IT'LL JUST **COME BACK**.

BUT I **AM** STRONG ENOUGH TO JUST **WALK** OUT OF HERE WITH YOUR **LITTLE DOODAD**.

AND I'M **PRETTY SURE** THERE'S **NOTHING** YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.

WELL...

I HAVE A
POWER TOO,
YOU KNOW.

...SO MUCH FOR
THE VELVET GLOVE.

KRASH!

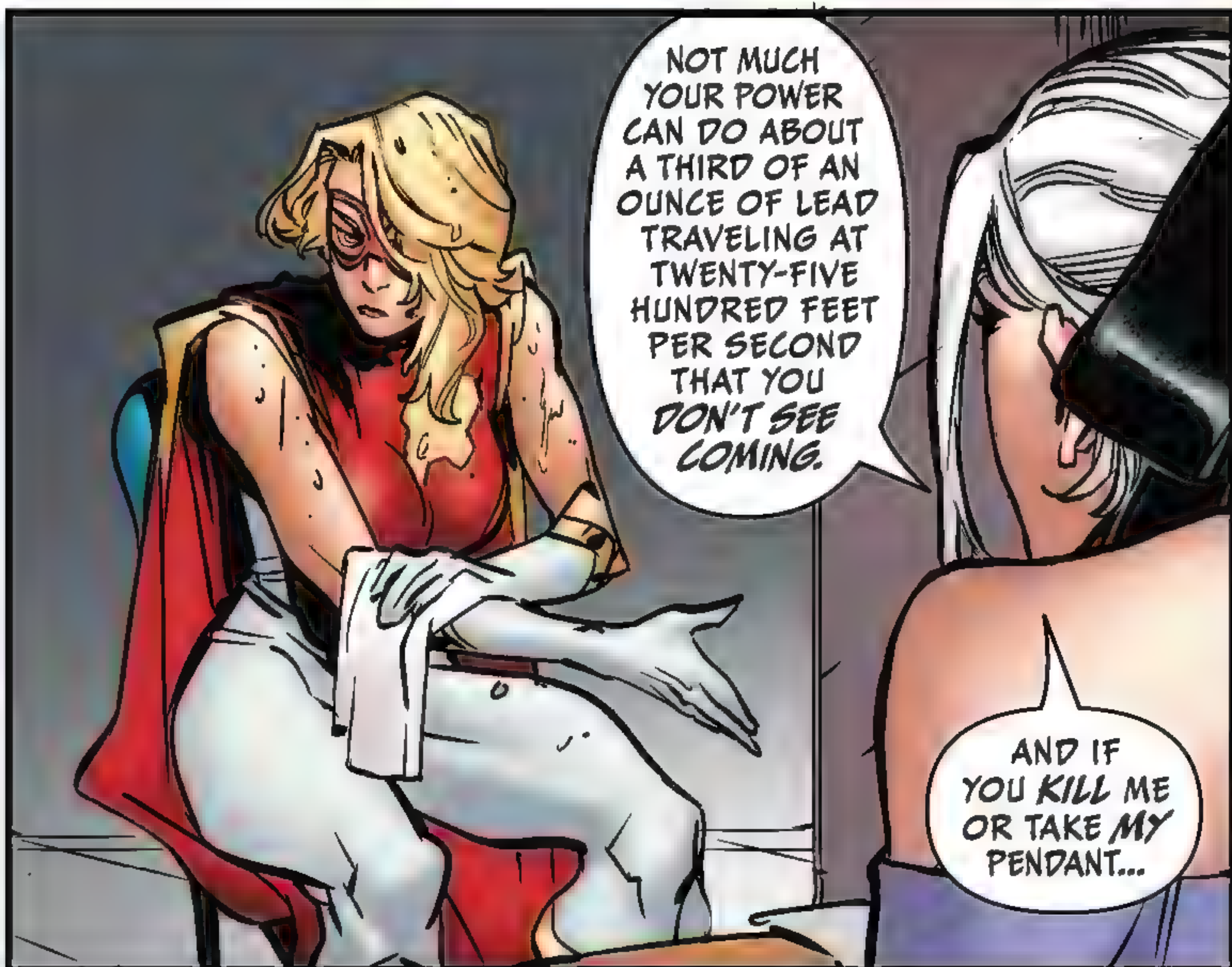
I CAUSE
BAD LUCK.

NOW, I
KNOW YOU'VE
GOT SOME JUICE,
AND YOU COULD
RIP ME OFF, OR
KILL ME, OR
WHATEVER.



BUT YOU'RE NOT
BULLETPROOF.

NOT
ALL THE
TIME.



NOT MUCH
YOUR POWER
CAN DO ABOUT
A THIRD OF AN
OUNCE OF LEAD
TRAVELING AT
TWENTY-FIVE
HUNDRED FEET
PER SECOND
THAT YOU
DON'T SEE
COMING.

AND IF
YOU KILL ME
OR TAKE MY
PENDANT...



...YOU
WON'T SEE IT
COMING.



AS FOR
YOUR POWER?
YOU LET ME
WORRY ABOUT
THAT.

I THINK I
MIGHT KNOW
HOW TO GIVE
YOU A LITTLE
BOOST.



Oh
YEAH?
HOW'S
THAT?



TRADE
SECRET.

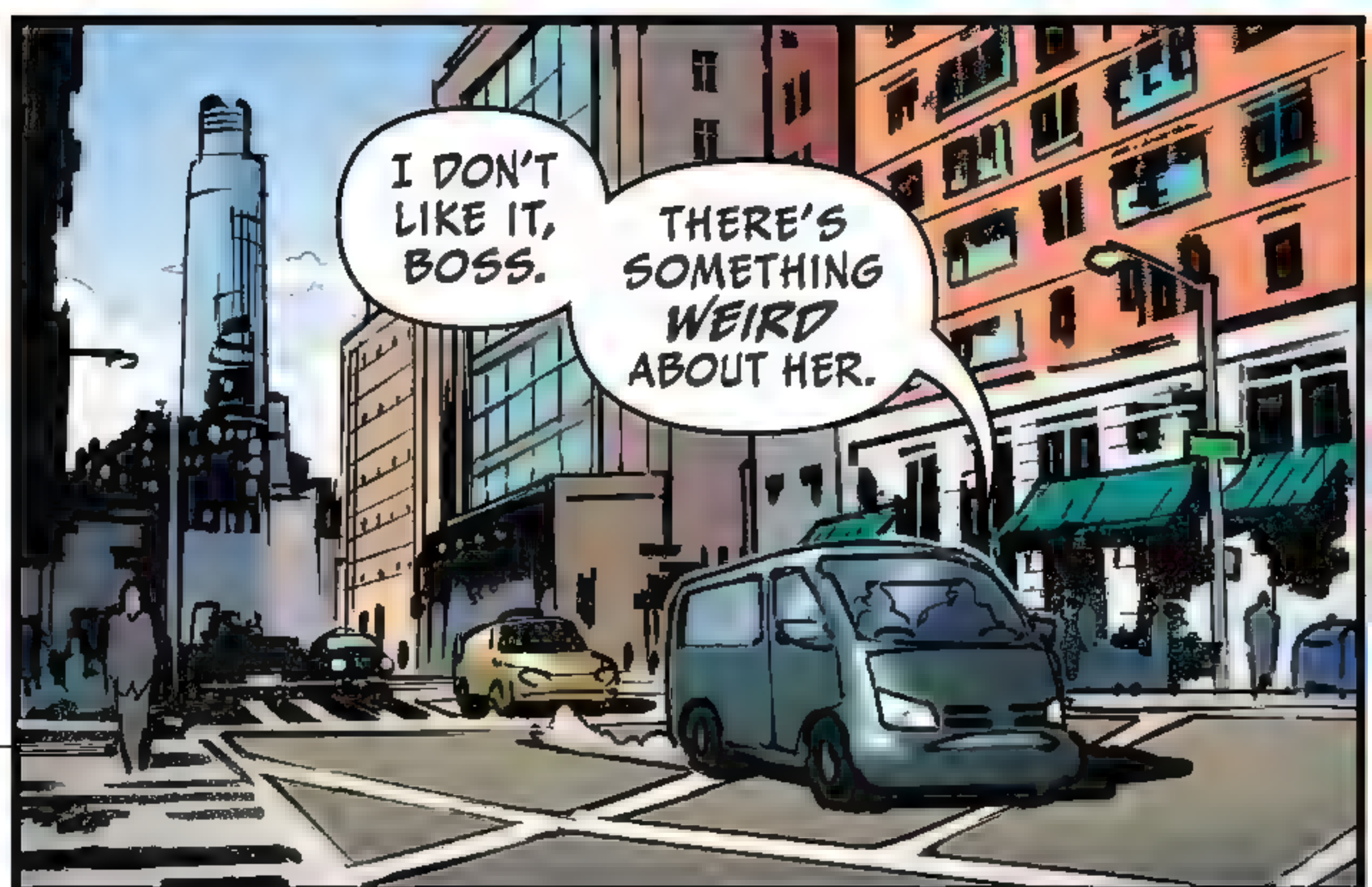
SO:
YOU
IN?



SHE WENT FOR IT?

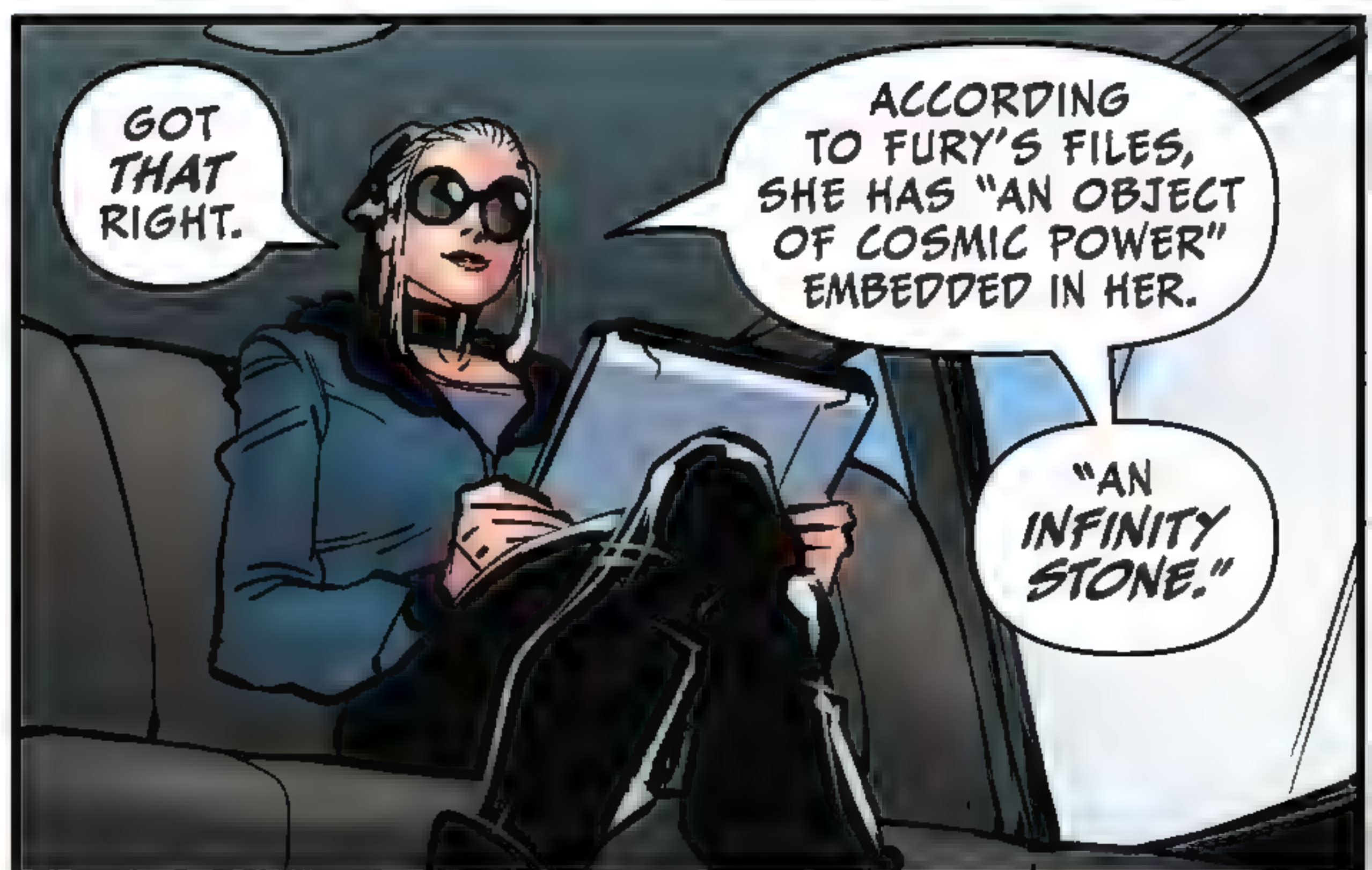
OF COURSE SHE WENT FOR IT.

FURY'S A PAIN IN MY NECK, BUT HE MAKES A GREAT INCENTIVE.



I DON'T LIKE IT, BOSS.

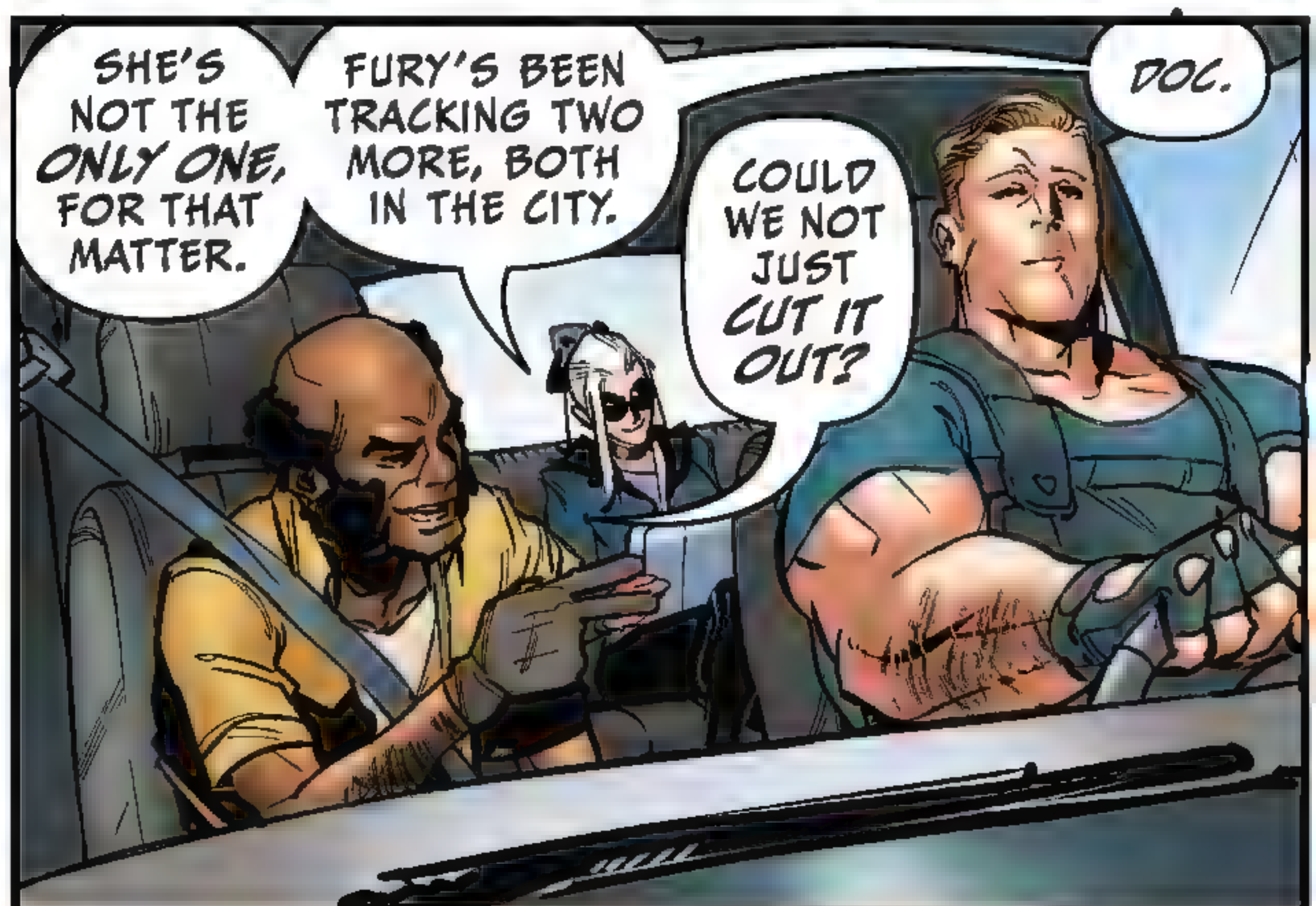
THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT HER.



GOT THAT RIGHT.

ACCORDING TO FURY'S FILES, SHE HAS "AN OBJECT OF COSMIC POWER" EMBEDDED IN HER.

"AN INFINITY STONE."



SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE, FOR THAT MATTER.

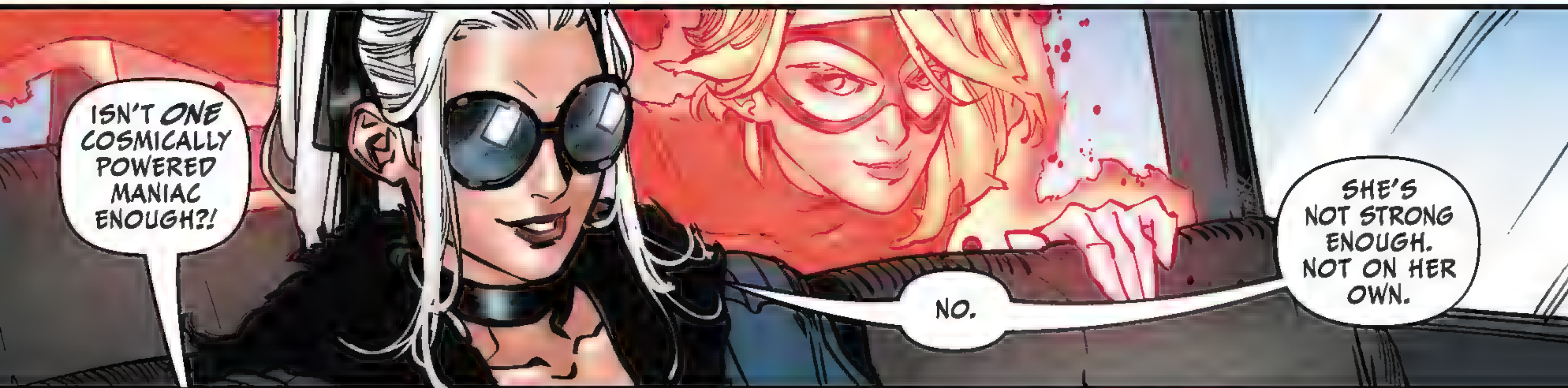
FURY'S BEEN TRACKING TWO MORE, BOTH IN THE CITY.

COULD WE NOT JUST CUT IT OUT?

DOC.



EAVESDROP.



ISN'T ONE COSMICALLY POWERED MANIAC ENOUGH?!

NO.

SHE'S NOT STRONG ENOUGH. NOT ON HER OWN.



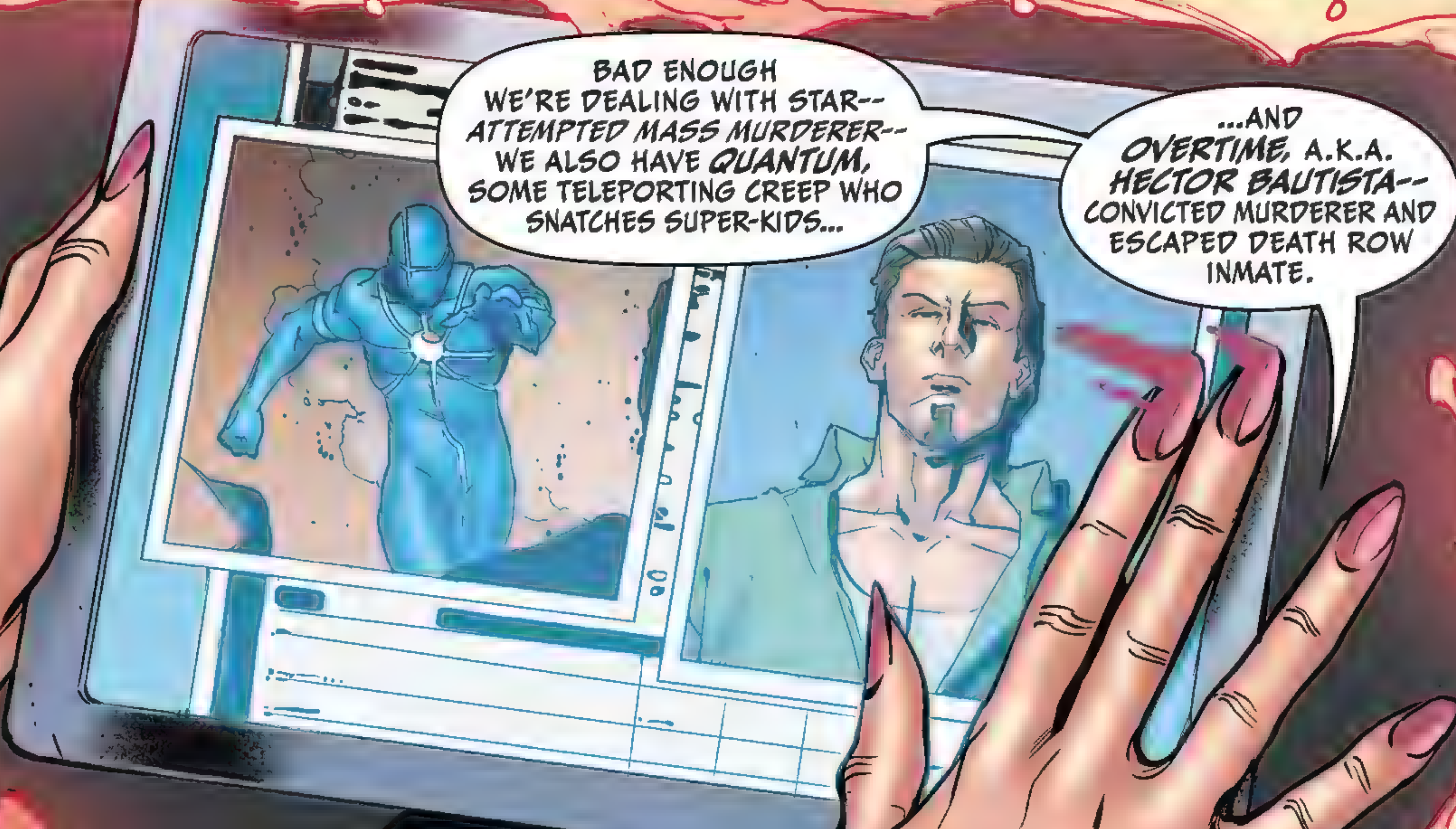
ACCORDING TO FURY'S NOTES, THESE DUMMIES ARE PRETTY POWERFUL, SURE...

GO ON...

...BUT HE BELIEVES THAT IF THESE PEOPLE GET *CLOSE* TO ONE ANOTHER, THEN THEIR POWERS INCREASE GEOMETRICALLY.

IN ORDER FOR STAR TO DO WHAT I *NEED* HER TO DO, WE HAVE TO GET HER CLOSE TO A COUPLE MORE OF THESE YUTZES.

AND THEY'RE REAL *WINNERS*, LET ME TELL YOU.



BAD ENOUGH WE'RE DEALING WITH STAR-- ATTEMPTED MASS MURDERER-- WE ALSO HAVE *QUANTUM*, SOME TELEPORTING CREEP WHO SNATCHES SUPER-KIDS...

...AND *OVERTIME*, A.K.A. *HECTOR BAUTISTA*-- CONVICTED MURDERER AND ESCAPED DEATH ROW INMATE.



LIKE
I SAID.

REAL
WINNERS.

Oh,
I DON'T
KNOW.

THEY
SOUND...
USEFUL.

I DON'T
TRUST
STAR.

AND I DON'T
LIKE THE IDEA OF
GIVING HER EVEN MORE
POWER THAN SHE
ALREADY HAS.

BUT I DON'T
SEE ANY WAY
AROUND IT. I'VE
GOT TOO MUCH
ON THE LINE
HERE.

TALK ABOUT
FALLING INTO A
BIT OF LUCK.

ONCE
I HAVE THESE
OTHERS WITH
ME, THEN I WON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT THIS
FURY GUY.

THEN
I'LL HAVE THE
POWER TO DO
ANYTHING.

END
EAVESDROP.



...SO
WE'VE GOT
ONE "INFINITY
CROOK" IN
THE BAG.

LET'S
GO FIND US
ANOTHER, BOYS.
WHERE DOES FURY'S
LITTLE TOY POINT
TO, DOC?

Ugh...

"GOWANUS."

HERE'S ONE
FOR YOU.

ACCORDING TO
FURY'S FILES,
BAUTISTA CAN
STOP TIME.

CAN EVEN
WIND IT
BACK TO
A CERTAIN
DEGREE.

SO HOW
DO YOU
GO AFTER
A GUY LIKE
THAT?

ANSWER:

TECHNICAL!

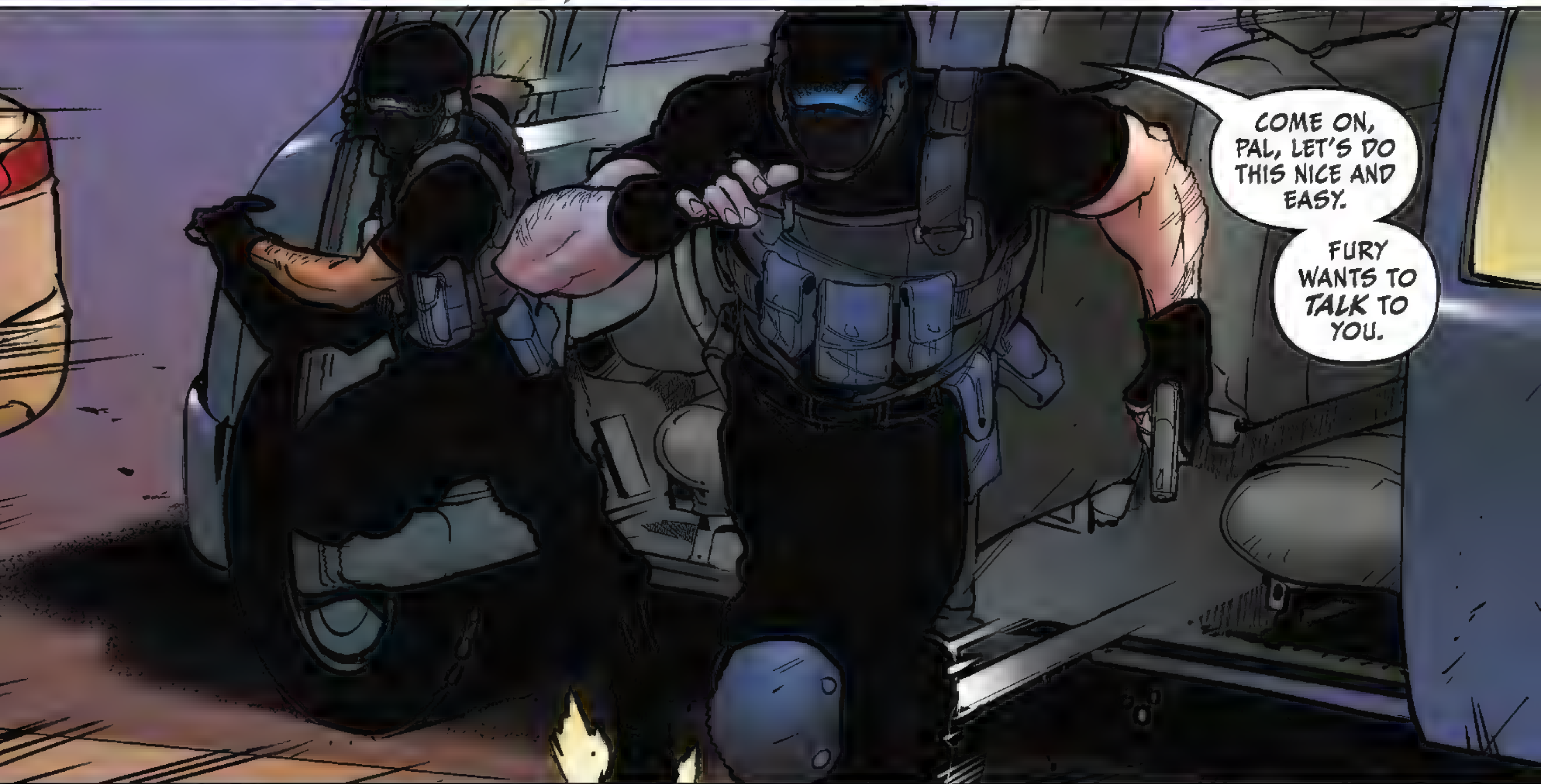
SLAP!

SAME WAY YOU GO AFTER
ANYBODY WHO'S WAY ABOVE
YOUR SUPER-POWER PAY GRADE.

WHEN
THEY'RE NOT
EXPECTING IT.

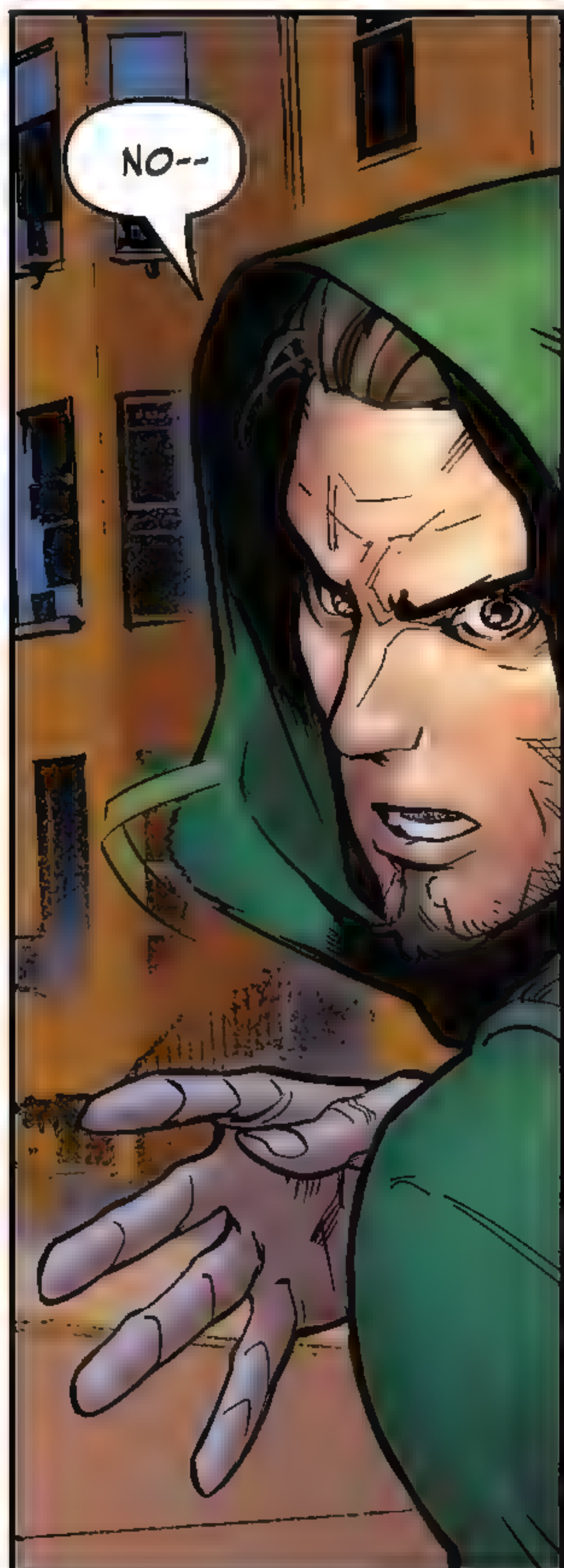


--WHAT
THE--



COME ON,
PAL, LET'S DO
THIS NICE AND
EASY.

FURY
WANTS TO
TALK TO
YOU.



NO--



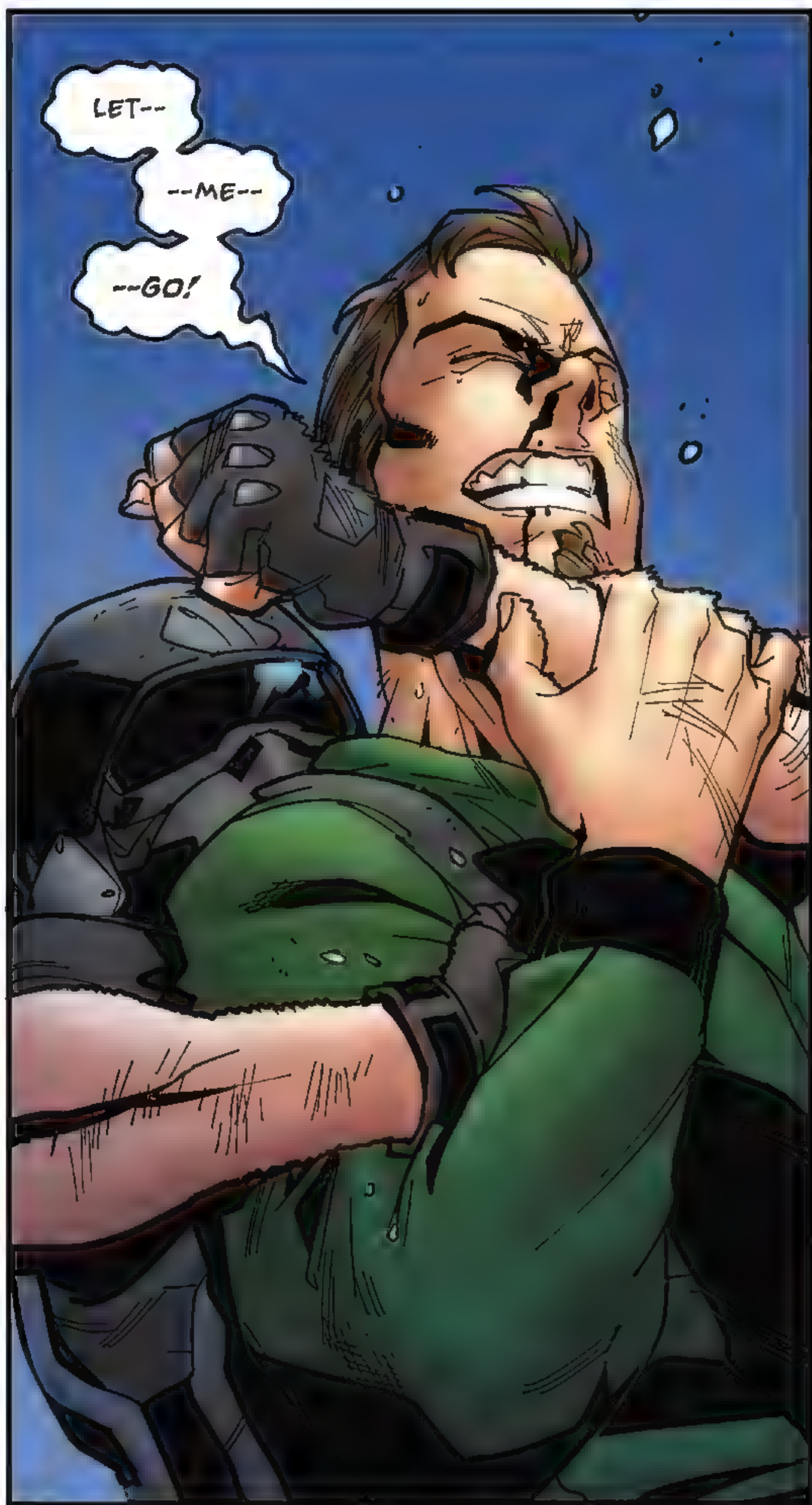
S-S-STOP-P-P



SORRY,
KID.

THAT DART
HAD ENOUGH JUICE
IN IT TO SCRAMBLE AN
ELEPHANT. YOU AIN'T
DOING NOTHING
WITH THOSE
POWERS.

WH
H
P!







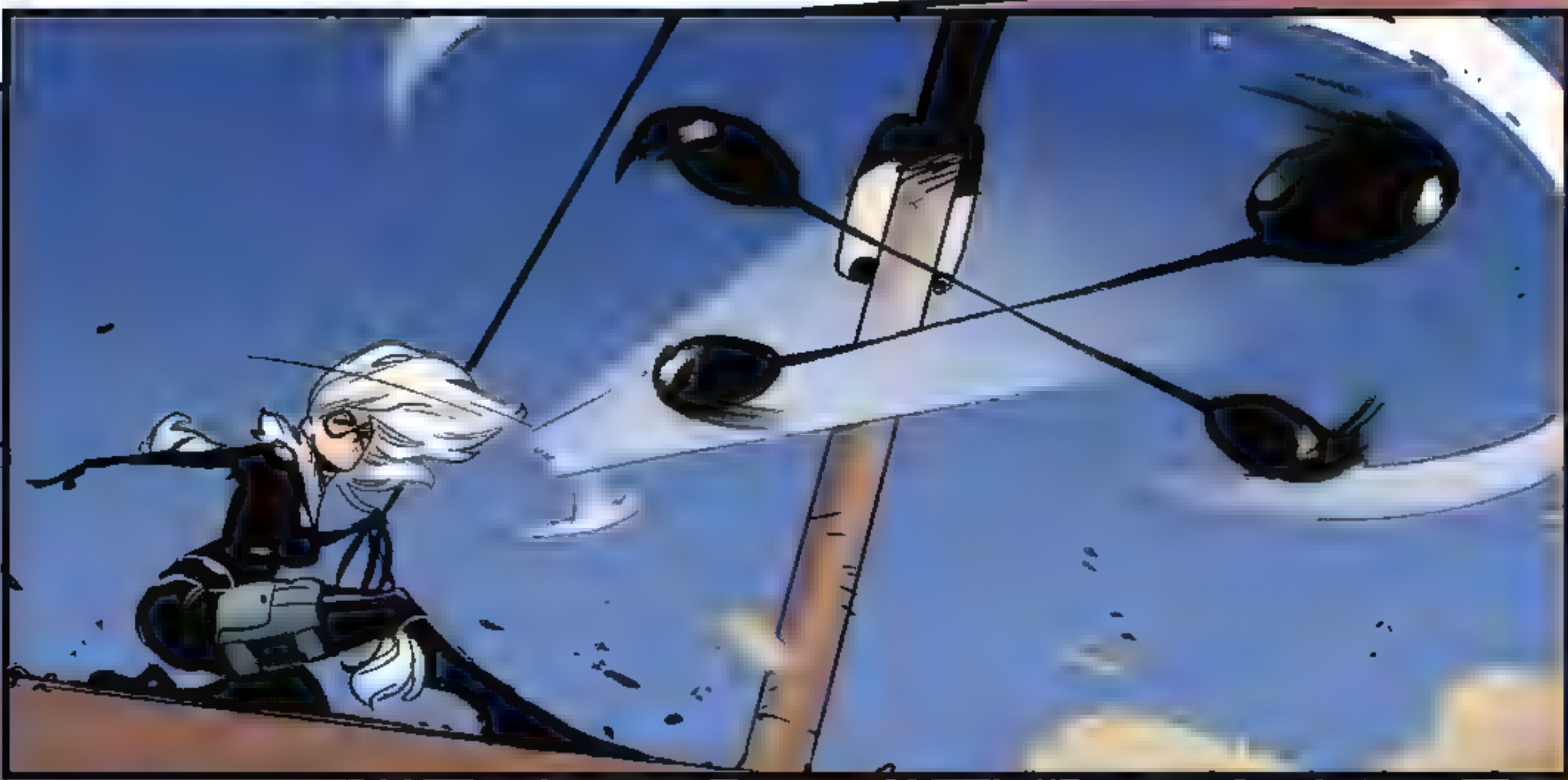
WHY...

WHY CAN'T
Y'ALL JUST
LEAVE ME
ALONE...



FURY'S
ORDERS.

YOU'RE TOO
DANGEROUS
TO BE OUT AND
ABOUT.



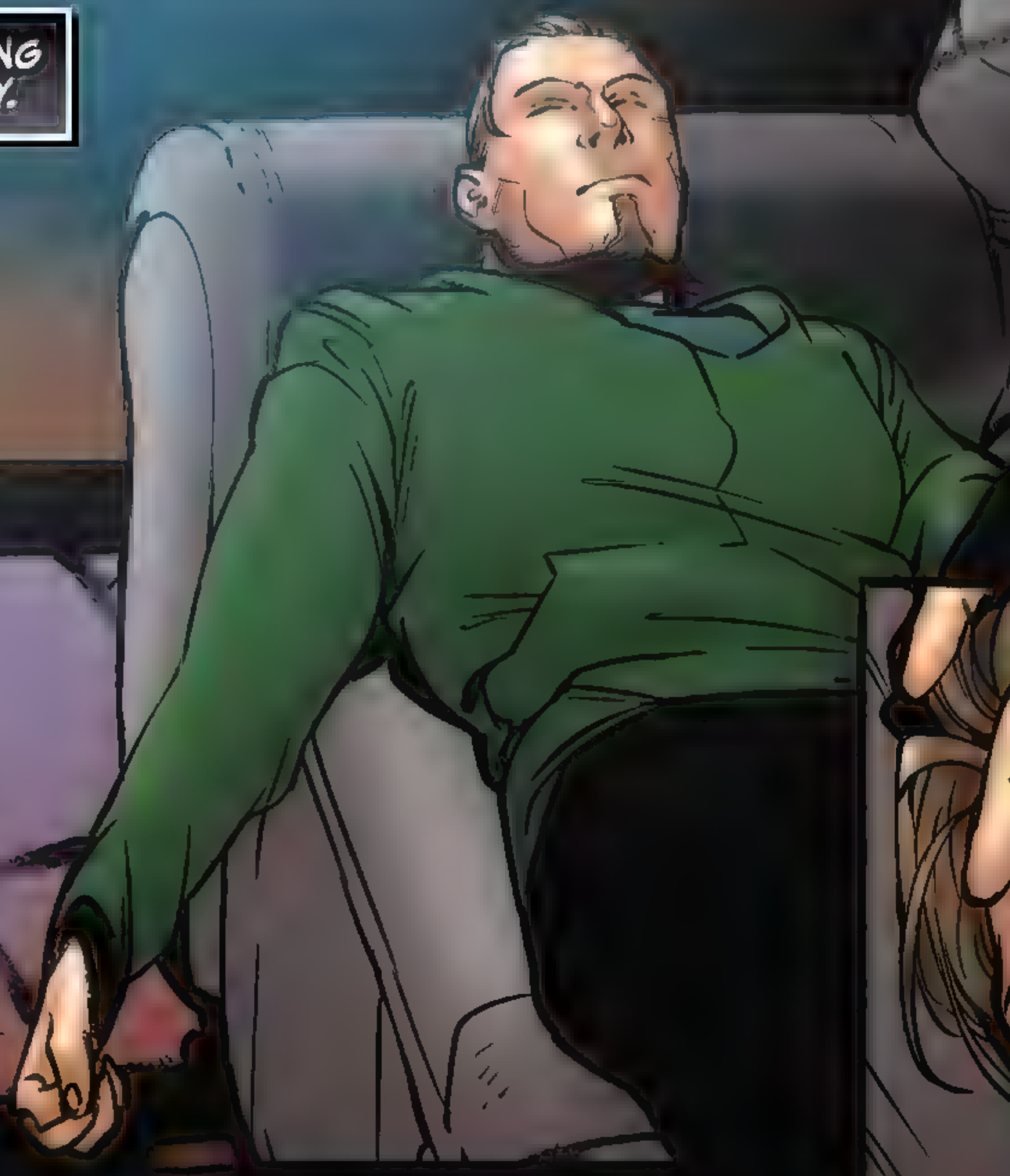


How about we
get out of
here?

LATER.

STOPPING
TIME.

REWRITING
REALITY.



THESE GUYS. THESE
BABY SUPER VILLAINS,
THEY'VE GOT POWER
IN SPADES.



IN FACE OF
THAT, WHAT
DO I HAVE?



WELL, A CAN-DO ATTITUDE,
A COUPLE LOYAL BOYS, A
GREAT HEAD OF HAIR AND
A SET OF LEGS THAT WON'T
QUIT, FOR STARTERS.

THAT, AND
THEATRICALITY.

FURY WAS
AFTER STAR,
SO I USED
FURY AS
LEVERAGE.

AND
WHEN FURY
WASN'T
AROUND?

WELL,
MY BOYS--
DRESSED
AS FURY'S
GOONS--
WORKED
JUST AS
WELL.

DIRTY POOL,
YOU SAY?

THE DIRTIEST.
I REPLY.

BUT I DON'T HAVE
ANY ROOM FOR
ERROR HERE. IT'S
ALL ON THE LINE FOR
ME WITH THIS JOB,
AND I NEED THESE
PEOPLE TO DO IT.

SO DIRTY
POOL OR
CLEAN...

...I'M DIVING
RIGHT IN.

WELL,
HEY THERE,
SLEEPYHEAD!





IT'S COME TO THIS.

STAR TRIED TO KILL A WHOLE PILE OF PEOPLE. OPERATIVE WORD: TRIED.

OVERTIME DID KILL SOMEONE. BUT HE'S YOUR CLASSIC HARD-LUCK CASE. I KIND OF FEEL BAD, PLAYING HIM LIKE THIS.

BUT QUANTUM? THIS GUY?

HE KIDNAPS KIDS.



I KNOW FURY'S BEEN DOGGING YOUR TRAIL. **THIS** WILL KEEP HIM OFF YOU.

AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS HELP ME OUT **ONE TIME.**

HE DOESN'T TALK.

MAKES MY SKIN CRAWL.

BUT I NEED HIM.

FOR NOW.



SO DO WE HAVE A DEAL?

SPIDER HAD THIS THING.

HE WAS REAL PROUD OF IT, CALLED IT HIS "SPIDER-SENSE."

IT TOLD HIM WHEN HE WAS IN DANGER.

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.

I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL HIM THAT AFTER A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SEASONING...



DON'T SCREW WITH ME, QUANTUM.

I'M NOT SOME TEENAGER.

BE WHERE I NEED YOU, WHEN I NEED YOU, OR I'LL--

...WE CROOKS DEVELOP THE SAME THING.



SOMEONE'S AFTER US. GO!

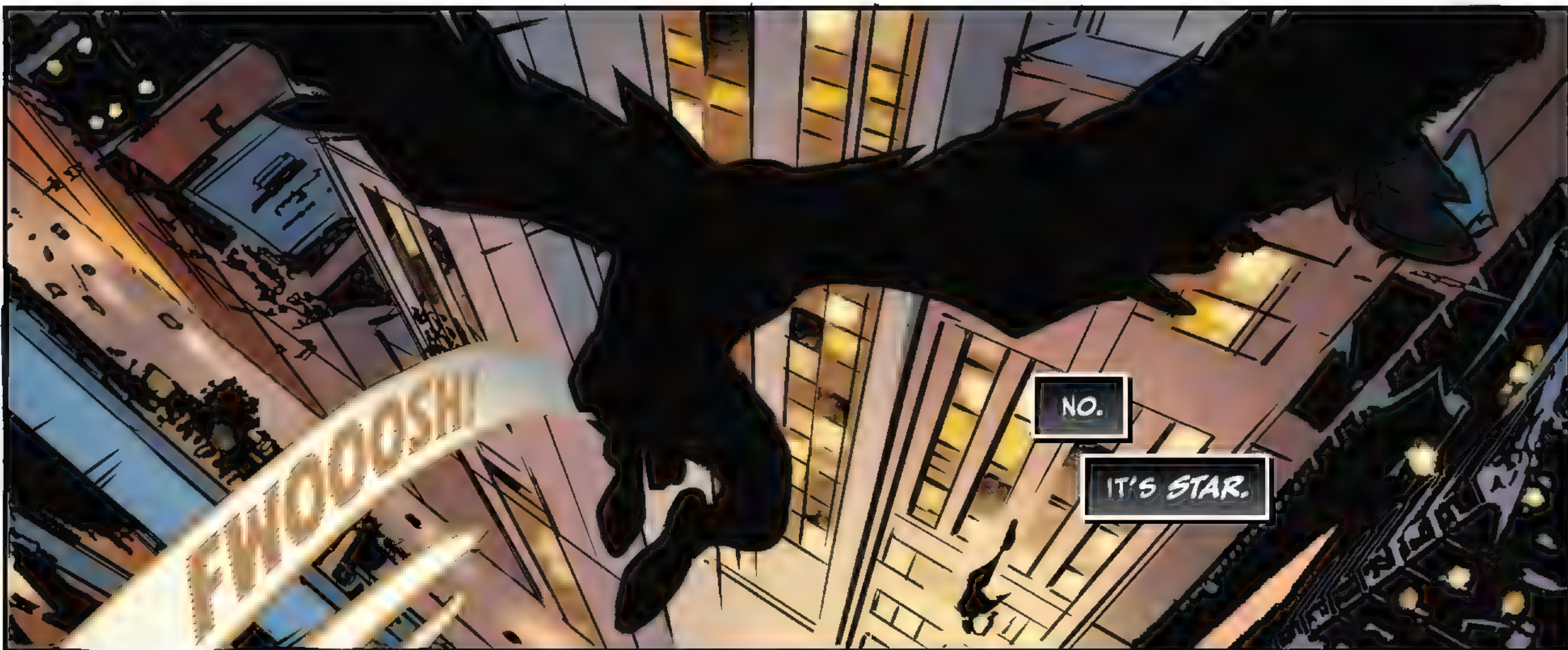
CRIMINALS KNOW WHEN WE'RE BEING WATCHED.

THAT'S
QUANTUM
IN.

BWOMP!

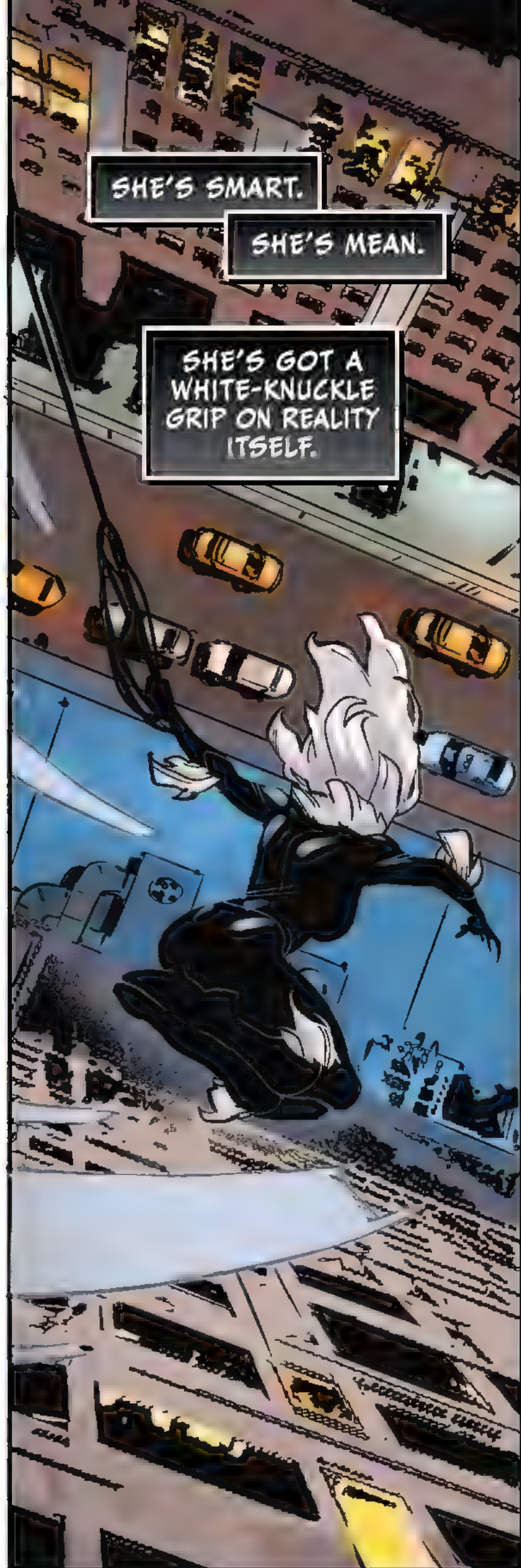
I'VE GOT
OVERTIME ON
THE HOOK.

THEY'RE NOT
THE ONES
I'M WORRIED
ABOUT
THOUGH.



NO.

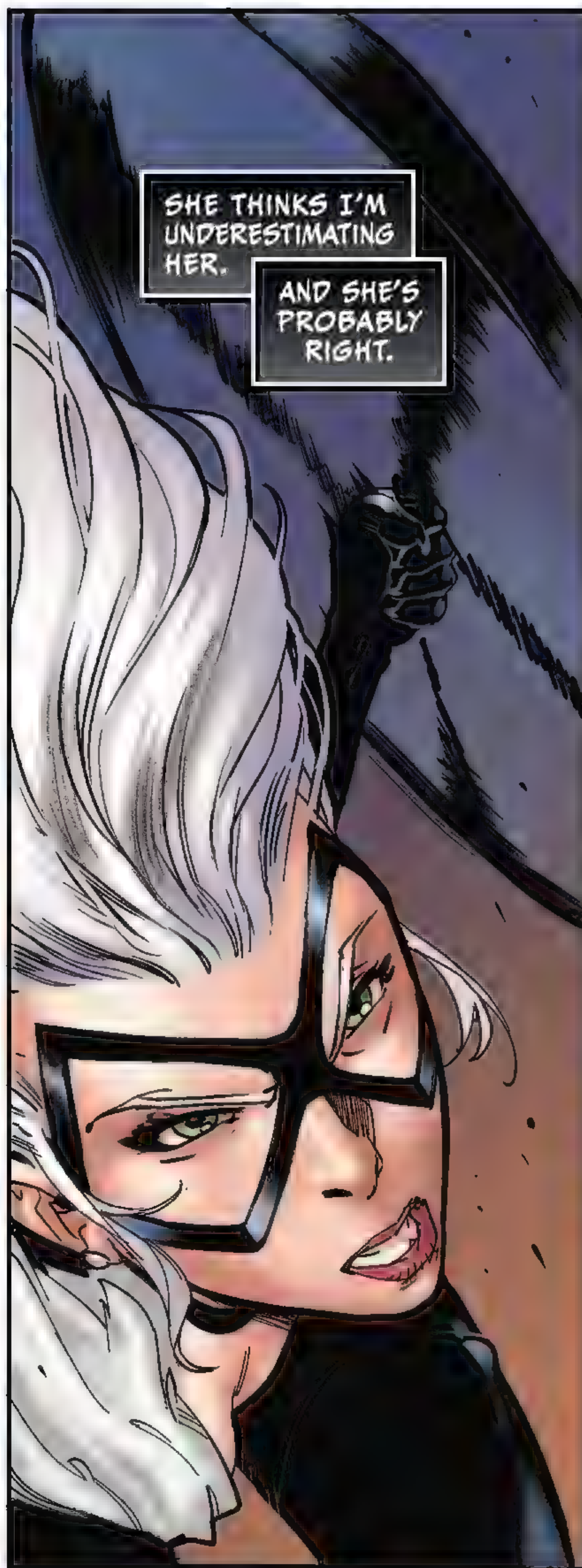
IT'S STAR.



SHE'S SMART.

SHE'S MEAN.

SHE'S GOT A
WHITE-KNUCKLE
GRIP ON REALITY
ITSELF.



SHE THINKS I'M
UNDERESTIMATING
HER.

AND SHE'S
PROBABLY
RIGHT.



PROBLEMS,
PROBLEMS.

BUT FIRST
I HAVE TO
SHAKE THIS
CHUMP.



LET'S SEE WHAT KIND
OF NERVE YOU'VE GOT, PAL.
THE GRAVEL IN YOUR GUTS.

CAN YOU SWING THROUGH
MIDTOWN TRAFFIC AT
ROUGHLY SIX INCHES
ABOVE THE ASPHALT
WITHOUT FLINCHING?

Huh.
WHOEVER
IT IS ON
MY TAIL,
THEY'RE
GOOD.

TOO
GOOD
FOR MY
LIKING.

CLACK!

I'M TAKING THEM
THROUGH MY FAVORITE
ROUTINE, THE ROUTE
I USE WHEN I *REALLY*
WANT TO SHUCK A TAIL.

AND THEY HAVEN'T
MISSED A STEP.

IT'S LIKE
WE'RE
DANCING.

THE TWO
OF US,
FOXTROTting
ACROSS
MIDTOWN.

A CAPED
FRED TAPPING
HIS WAY AFTER
A CATSUITED
GINGER.

IT'S FUN,
AT FIRST.
A THRILL.

LIKE IT WAS WHEN
I FIRST STARTED
DOING THIS.

BUT THAT
FADES.

THEY'RE
FOLLOWING ME
TOO EASILY.

THE CHILL SETS IN, LIKE
FALLING INTO A COLD FOG.
THAT GOOSE-PIMPLE
SHUDDER OF THE EERIE.

AND THAT'S
WHEN IT GOES
WRONG.

TCHACK!







NIGHTHAWK?!

HE'S A LONG WAY FROM D.C.

EVERY TIME I WOULD CHASE YOU, THAT ROUTE WAS HOW YOU WOULD SHAKE ME.

EVERY TIME, EXCEPT FOR THE NIGHT I *CAUGHT* YOU. OR DID YOU CATCH ME?

THAT WAS WHEN IT BEGAN. "THE HAWK AND THE CAT."



TALK SENSE.

Hh.



OF COURSE YOU DON'T REMEMBER.

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME. REMEMBER US.

IT WAS TAKEN FROM US, FELICIA. THE *WHOLE WORLD* WAS TAKEN FROM US. A *BETTER WORLD*. ONE THAT MADE *SENSE*.*

WHAT, IS THIS SOME "COSMIC" SHENANIGANS? I'M A CROOK, BIRDMAN, I DON'T GO IN FOR THAT.

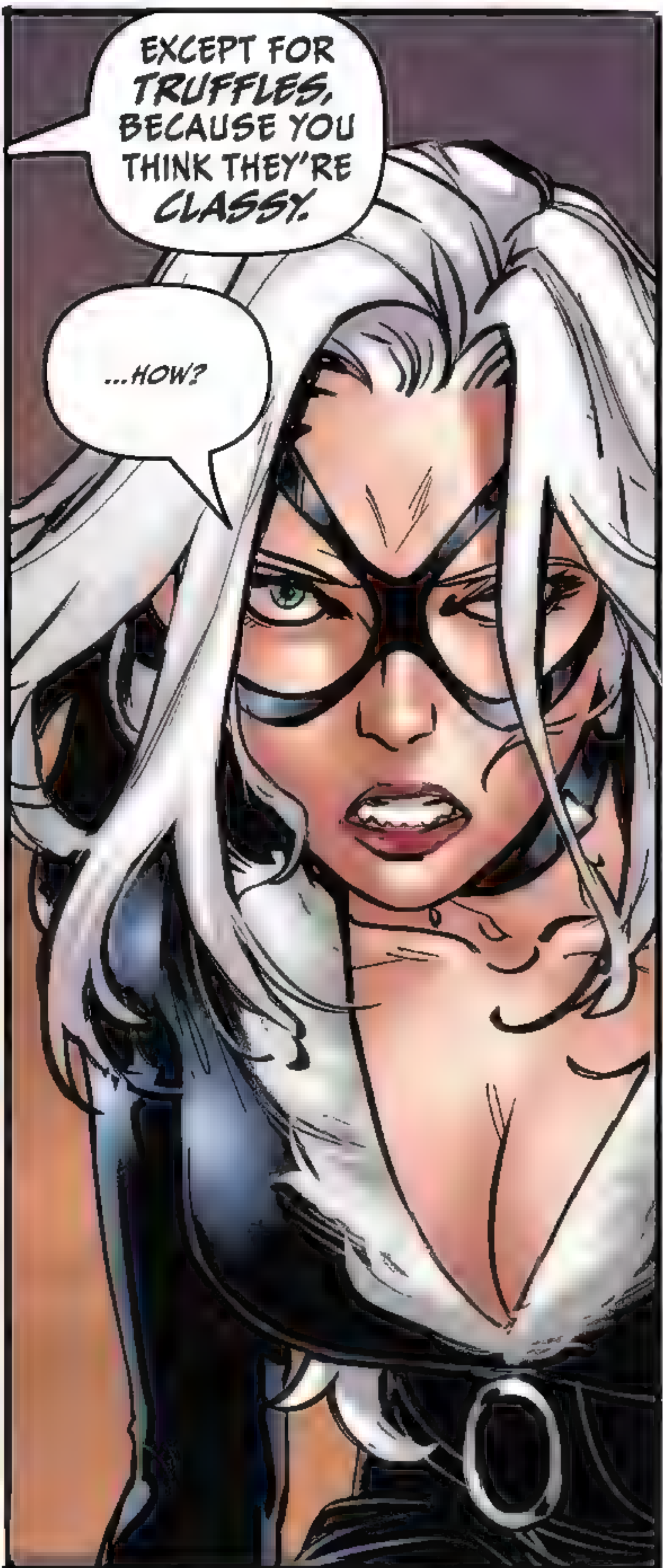
*HAWK IS REFERRING TO THE RECENT HEROES REBORN SERIES. -NL



YOUR NAME IS FELICIA SARA HARDY. YOUR MOTHER'S NAME WAS LYDIA, AND YOUR FATHER'S NAME WAS WALTER.

YOU LIKE '60s TELEVISION AND '80s MUSIC. YOU LIVE ON TRASH TAKEOUT AND EXPENSIVE CHAMPAGNE.

YOU TELL PEOPLE THAT YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO MUSHROOMS, BUT REALLY, YOU JUST DON'T LIKE THEM.



EXCEPT FOR TRUFFLES, BECAUSE YOU THINK THEY'RE *CLASSY*.

...HOW?



IN MY WORLD, YOU **TOLD** ME. WE WERE...VERY CLOSE. BUT YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT WORLD.

ALMOST NO ONE DOES. BUT I DO.

AND I WANT IT **BACK.**

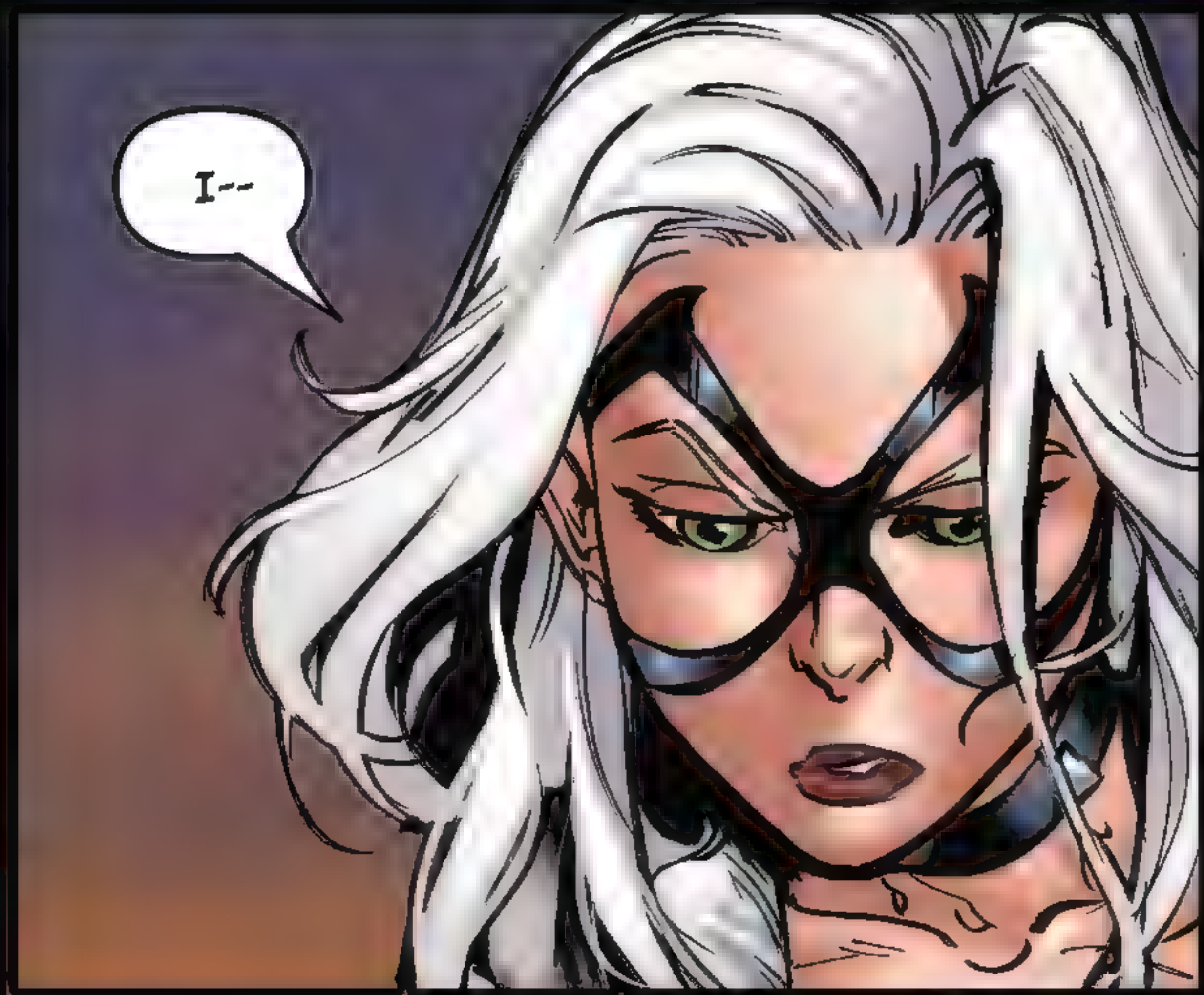
I WANT TO PAPER OVER **THIS** FLAWED, BROKEN, FLY-BLOWN CORPSE OF A WORLD WITH SOMETHING **BETTER.**



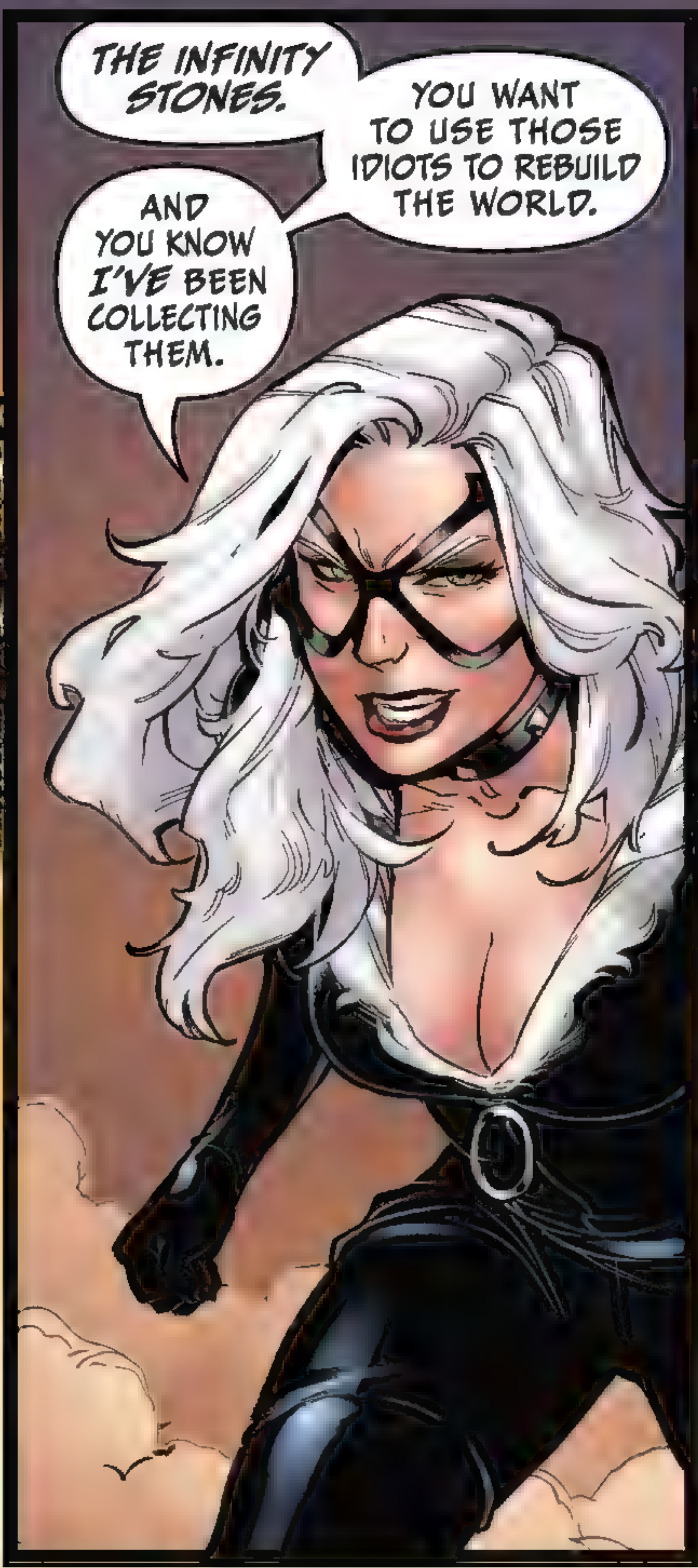
BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT **YOU.**

I TOLD YOU THAT A WORLD WAS TAKEN FROM US.

WHO BETTER THAN THE BLACK CAT TO **STEAL** IT BACK?



I--



THE INFINITY **STONES.**

YOU WANT TO USE THOSE IDIOTS TO REBUILD THE WORLD.

AND YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN COLLECTING THEM.



"GIVE ME A LEVER LONG ENOUGH AND A FULCRUM ON WHICH TO PLACE IT, AND I SHALL MOVE THE WORLD," SAID ARCHIMEDES.

I DON'T WANT TO **MOVE** THE WORLD. I WANT TO **FLIP** IT LIKE A COIN.

THAT REQUIRES A **VERY LONG LEVER.** AND THE INFINITY STONES ARE AS **LONG** AS THEY GET.

YOU KNOW
THIS WORLD ISN'T
RIGHT. YOU KNOW YOU
DON'T FIT IN HERE.
NOT ANY MORE
THAN I DO.

YOU KNOW
THE WORLD CAN
BE BETTER.

YOU AND I--
WE WERE **HAPPY**
THERE. WE CAN
BRING THAT WORLD
BACK.

YOUR **BLACK
CAT** TRADING
CARD STATS
WERE PRETTY
GOOD.

I **DO** LIE ABOUT
BEING ALLERGIC TO
MUSHROOMS. ALWAYS
HAVE, SINCE I WAS A
KID. AND I'VE NEVER
TOLD ANYONE THE
TRUTH.

IT'S
EMBARRASSING.

BUT
YOU SAID
MY MOM'S
NAME WAS
LYDIA.

IN **THIS** WORLD,
MY MOM IS ALIVE.
AND THAT'S THE
WAY I LIKE IT.

SO SHOVE
YOUR "BETTER
WORLD."

WELL,
HEY THERE,
FELICIA!

WHOPWHOPWHOPWHOPWHOP

I TOLD YOU
THIS WASN'T
OVER, DIDN'T
I?

FURY.

Ahhh,
NUTS.

AND
NIGHTHAWK
TOO?!

DAMN,
I GUESS A
MAN REALLY
CAN HAVE
IT ALL!

LIGHT
'EM UP!

BUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDA!





"FACT
OF THE
MATTER IS:

"NIGHTHAWK
WANTS TO
USE COSMIC
POWERS TO
REBUILD THE
WORLD.

"NOW, THERE'S
LOTS I DON'T
LIKE ABOUT
THIS WORLD
OF OURS—

"—I MEAN, CAN'T
THE FALCONS WIN
AT LEAST ONE
SUPER BOWL?

"BUT I'LL TAKE THE
DEVIL I KNOW. THANK
YOU VERY MUCH."

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA!



AND
THAT WOMAN, THAT
BLACK CAT...

SHE CAN
GET HIM WHAT
HE NEEDS TO
DO IT.

IF THEY'RE
WORKING
TOGETHER,
WE'RE IN A
WORLD OF
TROUBLE.



SO GET HER WITH A DART,
BEFORE WE ALL WAKE UP LIVING
IN THE UNITED STATES OF
NIGHTHAWK OR SOME
DAMN THING.

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA!

WHOP WHOP WHOP!



DAMN FURY.

WHOOP WHOOP



DAMN NIGHTHAWK.



DAMN EVERYONE WHO WANTS TO TELL ME HOW TO LIVE MY LIFE.

WHOOP WHOOP



AND DAMN ME FOR TAKING THE TIGER BY THE TAIL.



INFINITY STONES.

WHAT WAS I THINKING.

WHOOP WHOOP



DUMB QUESTION.

I WASN'T THINKING.

THINKING IS FOR SOMEONE WITH OPTIONS. OPTIONS I DON'T HAVE.



I SAW THE STONES
ONCE, IN A VISION.

ASGARDIAN
MAGIC, TRYING
TO TEMPT ME
WITH POWER.



IT WASN'T
REAL.



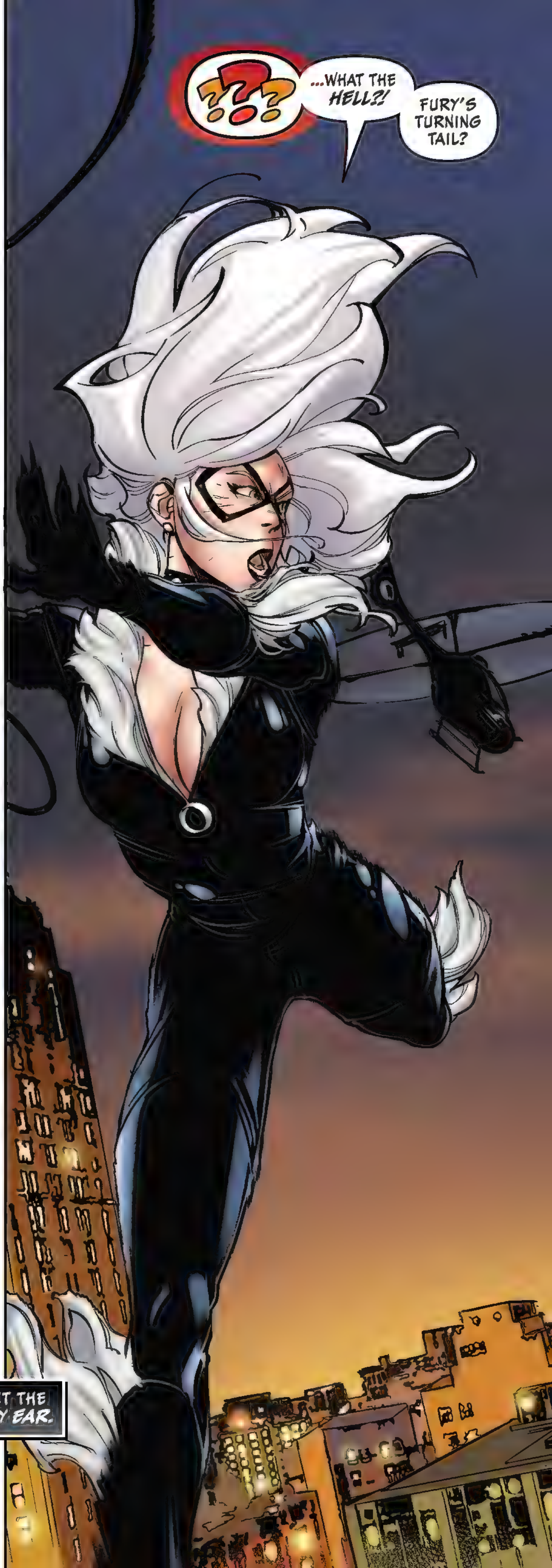
ABORT!

SIR?

ABORT,
DAMMIT!

BEFORE
THEY SHOOT
US OUT OF
THE SKY!

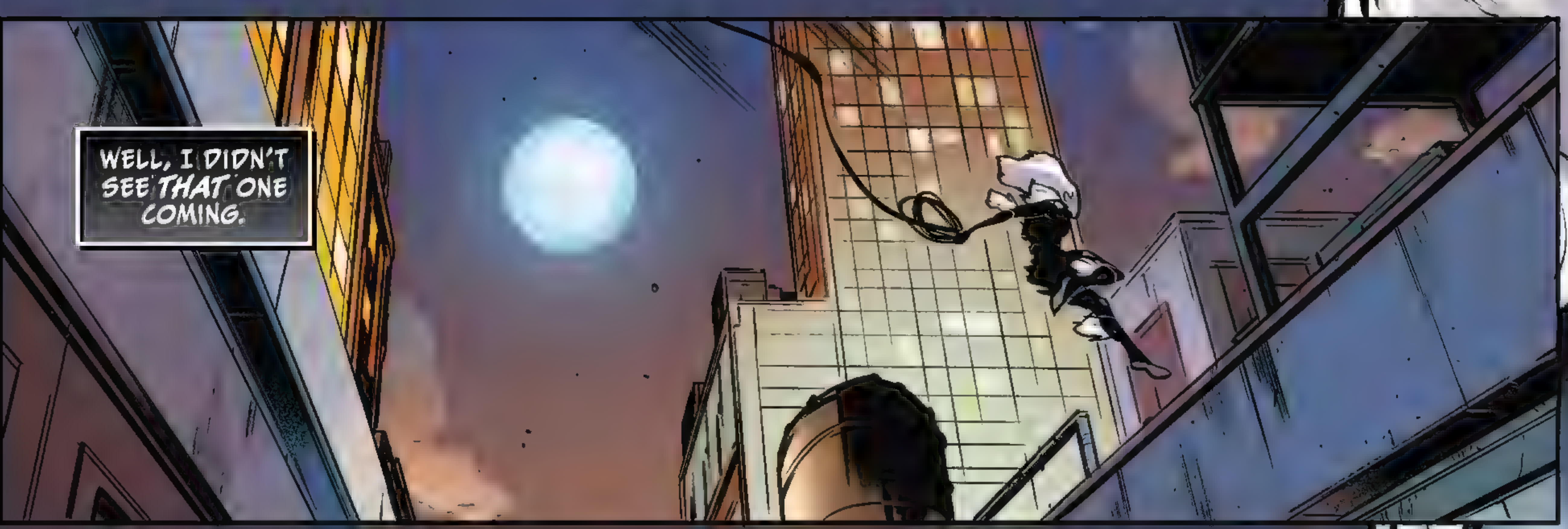
BUT IT PUT THE
BUG IN MY EAR.



???

...WHAT THE
HELL?!

FURY'S
TURNING
TAIL?



WELL, I DIDN'T
SEE THAT ONE
COMING.



YOU'RE
WELCOME,
FELICIA.

ODESSA.

YOU
MADE FURY
BACK OFF?

A MAN IN A
HELICOPTER
CAN FEEL
INVINCIBLE.

AN
FIM-92
STINGER
MISSILE
REMINDS HIM
THAT HE IS
NOT.

FURY IS
DANGEROUS,
FELICIA. THIS
BUSINESS
OF YOURS IS
DANGEROUS.



DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT
FURY--

I AM
NOT WORRIED
ABOUT FURY.
I'M WORRIED
ABOUT YOU.



Oh, NOW YOU'RE
WORRIED ABOUT ME?
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO
ANY OF THIS IF YOU
WOULD HELP ME.

YOU HAVE
THE POWER
TO FIX ALL
OF THIS.

BUT YOU

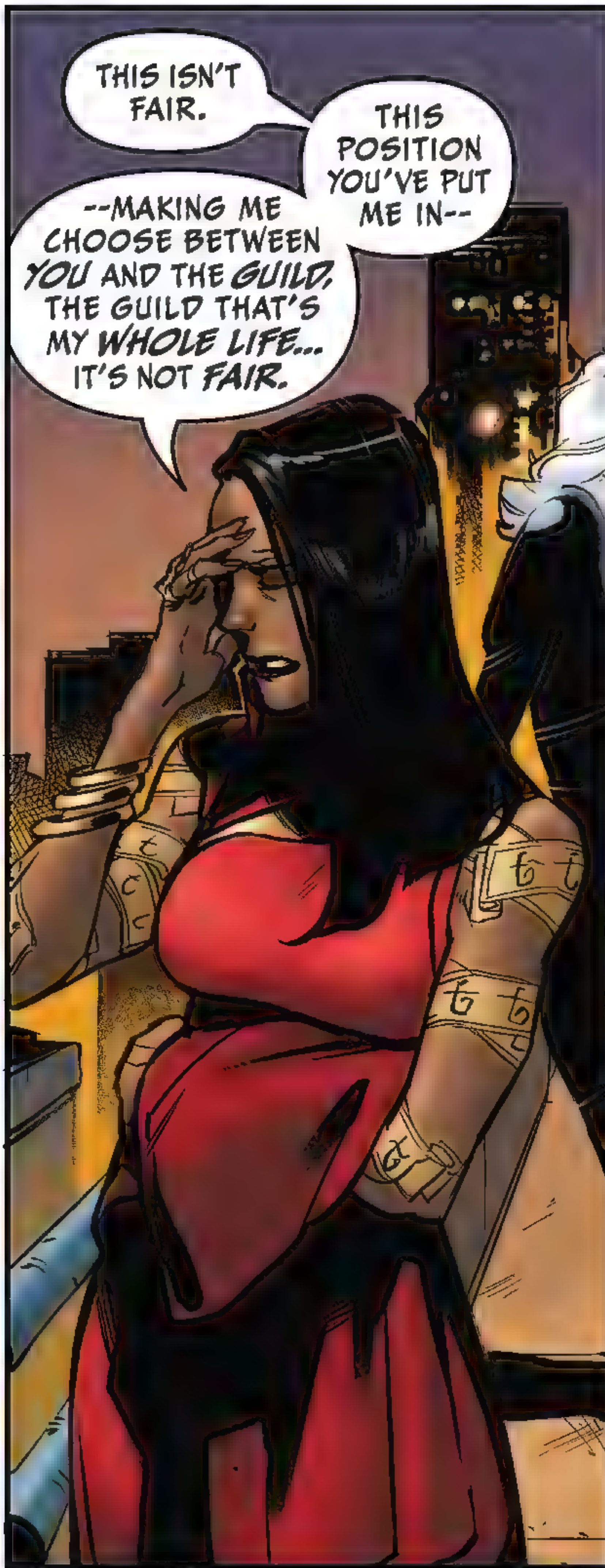
JUST

WON'T.



HAVEN'T
I BROKEN
ENOUGH OF
MY RULES
FOR YOU?

BY
GUILD LAW
YOU SHOULD
BE DEAD FOR
ALL YOU'VE
DONE TO
US.





TOMORROW,
ODESSA.

I JUST
NEED TO TO
HOLD ALL THIS
TOGETHER UNTIL
I DO THE JOB
TOMORROW, AND
THEN THAT'S
THE **END OF**
IT.

*Tut,
tut.*

THAT'S WHERE
YOU'RE **WRONG**,
BLACK CAT.

TOMORROW'S
JUST GOING TO BE
THE BEGINNING.



GIANT-SIZE BLACK CAT: INFINITY SCORE

RIGHT NOW.

HERE'S THE THING ABOUT GETTING INTO PLACES YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE:

MOST PEOPLE DON'T CARE.

NOT UNTIL YOU GIVE THEM A REASON TO.

SURE, IF A COUPLE OF LADY SUPER-CROOKS COME TEARING IN, HELL-FOR-LEATHER IN THEIR FULL SUPER-TOGS?

PEOPLE ARE GOING TO NOTICE. PEOPLE ARE GOING TO KICK UP A STINK. PEOPLE ARE GOING TO CALL THE COPS.

BUT A HOSPITAL'S A BUSY PLACE. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU FIT IN, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR MOST.

PEOPLE HAVE THINGS TO DO. LIFE-OR-DEATH THINGS.

AND WHEN THEY'RE NOT DOING THOSE LIFE-OR-DEATH THINGS, THEY'RE TIRED.

LIFE-OR-DEATH TAKES IT OUT OF YOU. BELIEVE ME, I'VE BEEN THERE.

I AM THERE.

THE NIGHT BEFORE.



WAIT,
THAT'S
IT?

THAT'S IT.
SCRUBS, TWO PAIRS.
SURGICAL MASK
AND CAP, TWO SETS.
I.D. CARDS, FORGED.
BINGO BONGO.

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE SOME KIND
OF *SUPER* THIEF.

I THOUGHT WE'D
WALK THROUGH WALLS, HAVE
INVISIBILITY SUITS, SOMETHING
LIKE THAT. SOMETHING *SEXY*.



LIKE,
WHERE'S THE
TRICKS? THE
GADGETS?

YOU KNOW,
BEYOND THIS
*PENDANT
GIZMO* YOU
GAVE ME.



THE
GADGET?

YOU SEE
HER EVERY
DAY IN THE
MIRROR,
STAR.

IT'S A
HOSPITAL,
NOT FORT KNOX.
GETTING IN AND
OUT IS THE
EASY PART.

IT'S THE
MIRACLE
THAT'S
THE TRICK,
AND YOU'RE
THE ONE
HANDING IT
OUT ON THIS
GIG.



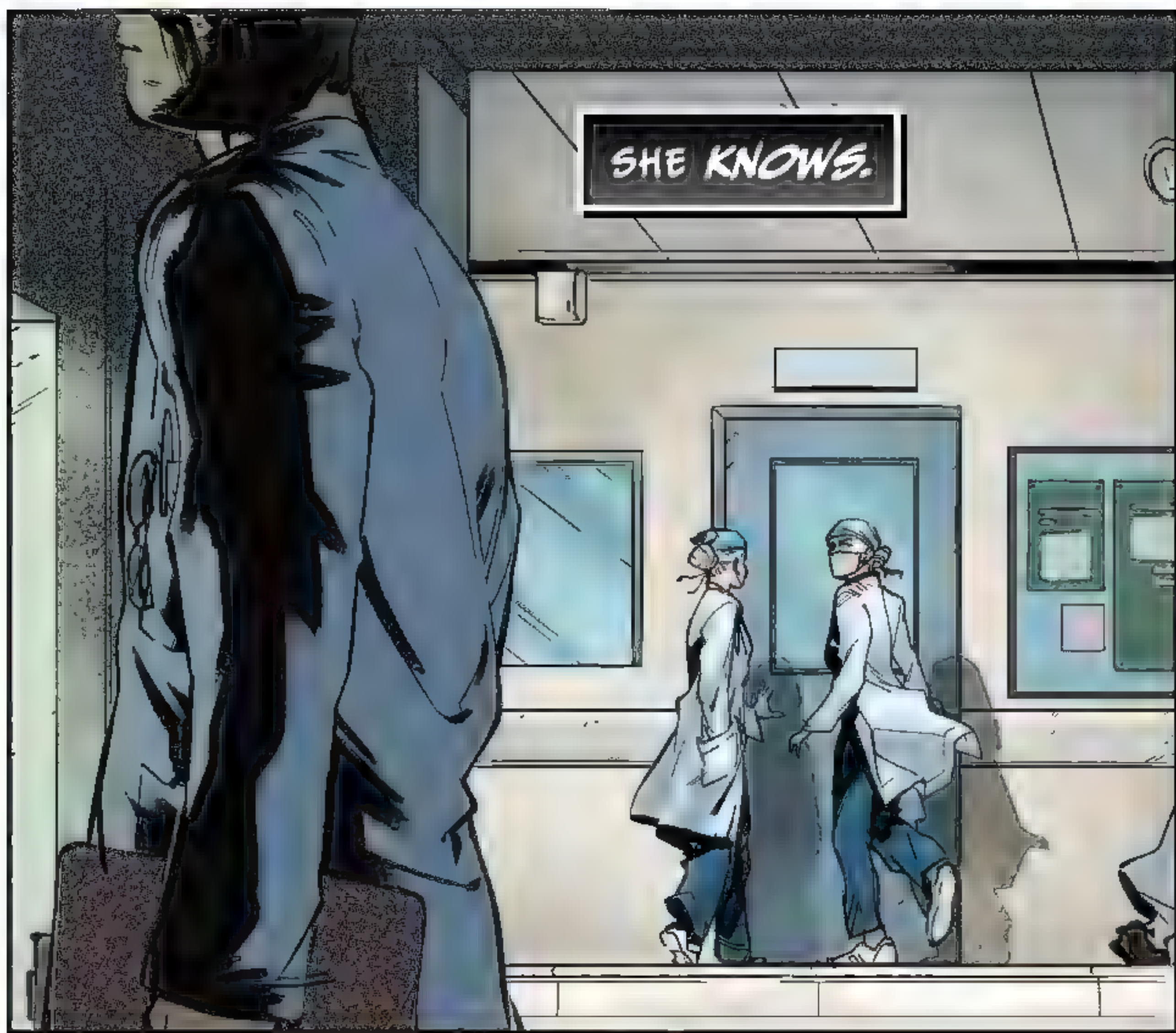
YEAH,
SURE.

YOU
FIGURE OUT
HOW YOU'RE
GOING TO
JUICE MY
POWERS?

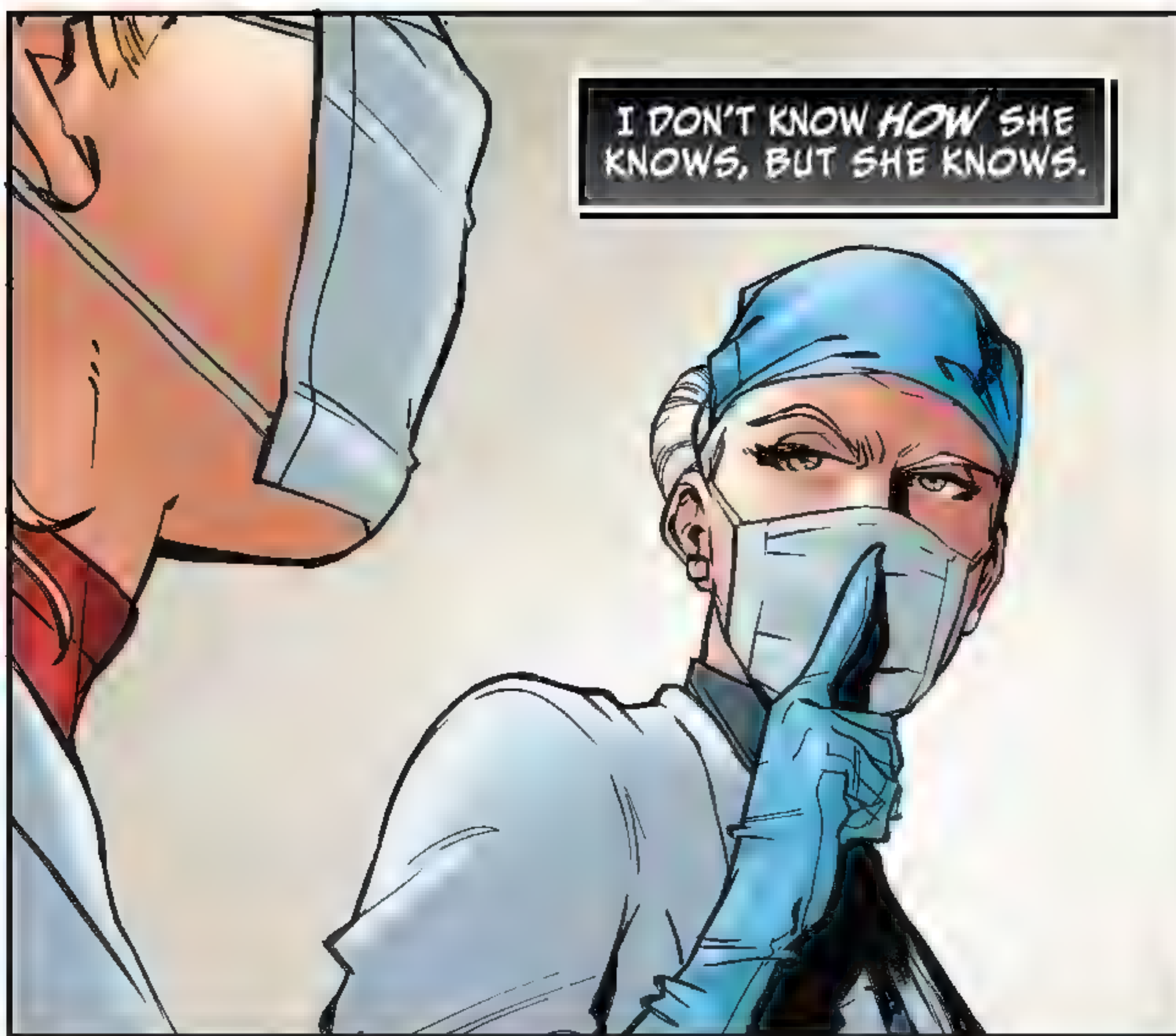


Oh,
YOU BETTER
BELIEVE
I DID.

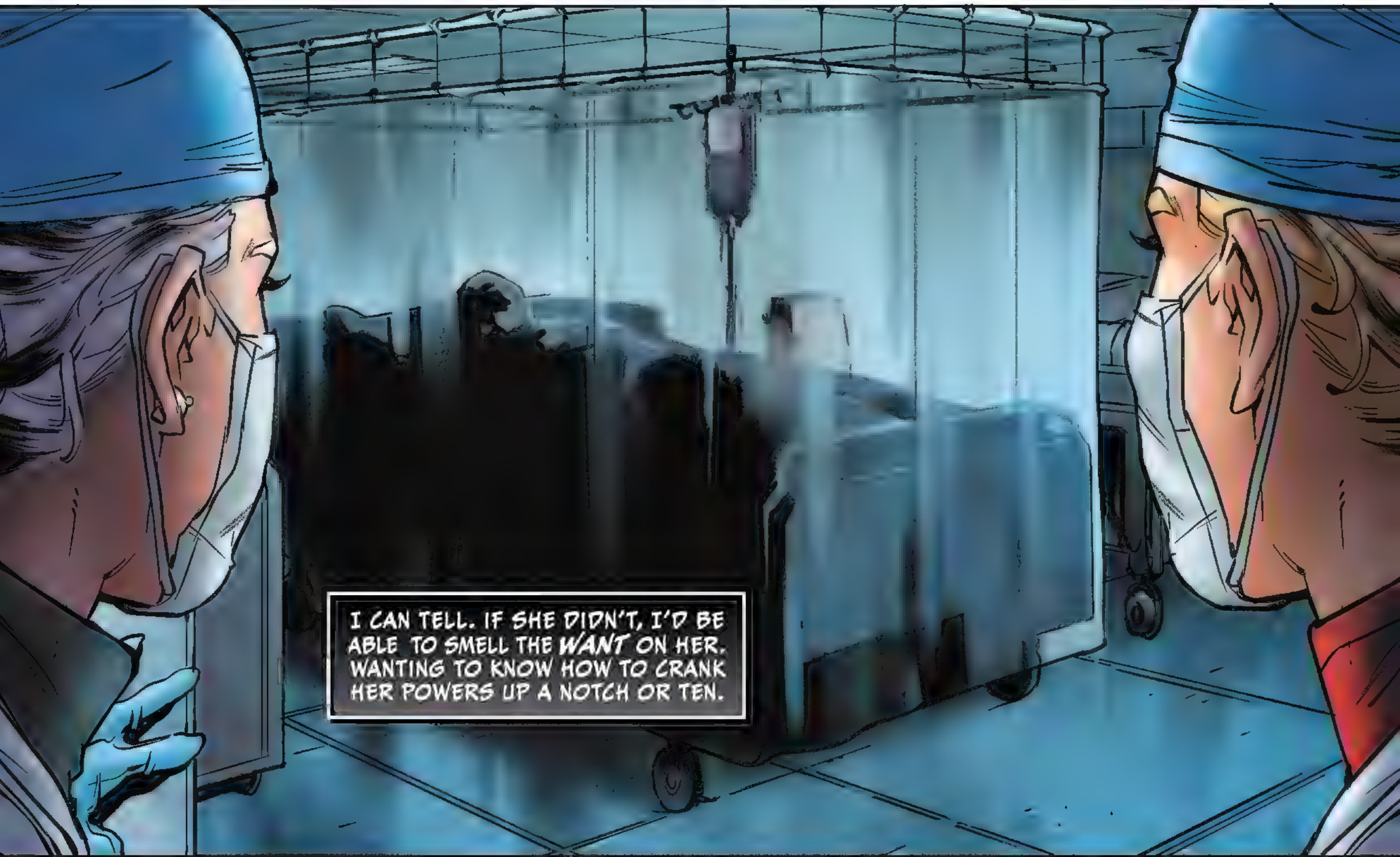
...AND ARE
YOU GOING TO
SHARE WITH THE
REST OF THE
CLASS?



SHE KNOWS.



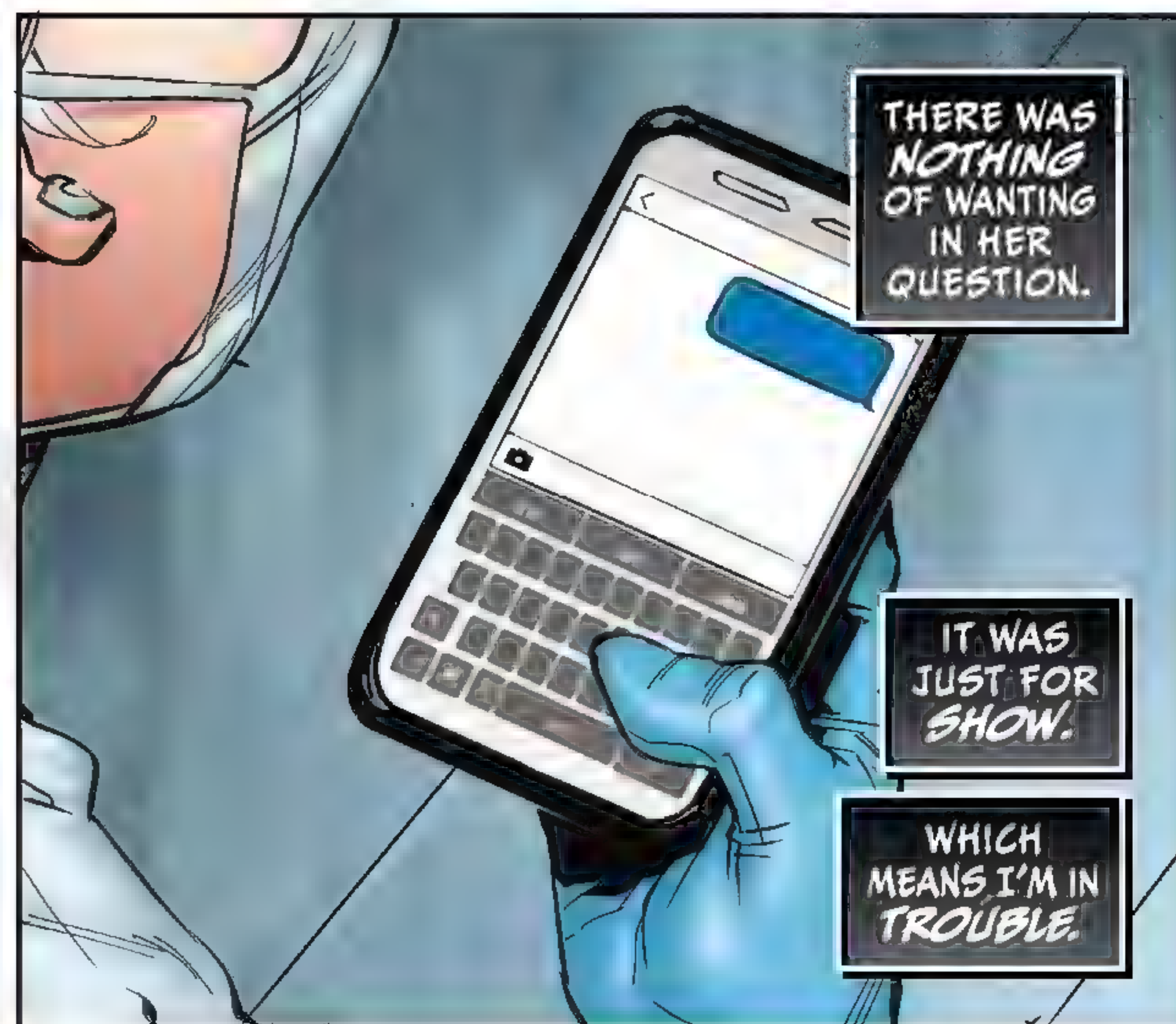
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE KNOWS, BUT SHE KNOWS.



I CAN TELL. IF SHE DIDN'T, I'D BE ABLE TO SMELL THE WANT ON HER. WANTING TO KNOW HOW TO CRANK HER POWERS UP A NOTCH OR TEN.



I'M GOOD AT THAT. KNOWING WHAT PEOPLE WANT.



THERE WAS NOTHING OF WANTING IN HER QUESTION.

IT WAS JUST FOR SHOW.

WHICH MEANS I'M IN TROUBLE.

BUT I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW.

NOW I'M CALLING IN THE HIRED HELP.

"YOUR GUYS ARE JUST GUYS," PEOPLE TELL ME.

"WHY NOT CREW UP WITH SOME SUPER-CROOKS?"

IT'S A GOOD QUESTION.

MY BOYS ARE PLUCKY. THEY'VE GOT PLUCK FOR DAYS.

BUT THEY CAN'T STOP TIME.

THEY CAN'T TELEPORT ACROSS SPACE.

THEY'RE NOT POWERED BY GEWGAW'S OF COSMIC IMPORT.

BUT HEY, YOU THINK I TRUST THESE TWO IDIOTS? OVERTIME AND QUANTUM?

OR THE THIRD DEFINITELY-NOT-AN-IDIOT STANDING BESIDE ME?

I'LL USE THEM IF I'VE GOT TO--

--AND I'VE GOT TO--

--BUT I'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF EX-CONS WHO HAVE MY BACK OVER INFINITY STONES ANY DAY.

BWOMP!

I'VE ONLY GOT
THREE OUT OF SIX.



BUT IN THIS CASE,
FIFTY PERCENT
BETTER BE A
PASSING GRADE.



BECAUSE I
CAN'T AFFORD
TO FAIL.



AND
BESIDES--

I DIDN'T
KNOW IT WOULD
FEEL LIKE
THIS.

MY BLOOD
IS ON FIRE.
MY HEART'S
AN--AN--

--AN
ACTUAL
STAR--

--ANY MORE
THAN THREE
AND I'D BE
AFRAID OF
LEVELING
THE CITY.

DO IT.

CANCER?

GOD.

I COULD
MOVE PLANETS
RIGHT NOW. A FEW
ROGUE CELLS?
COME ON.

BUT SURE,
LET'S KEEP THIS
STUPID CHARADE
GOING A LITTLE
LONGER.

HEAL!

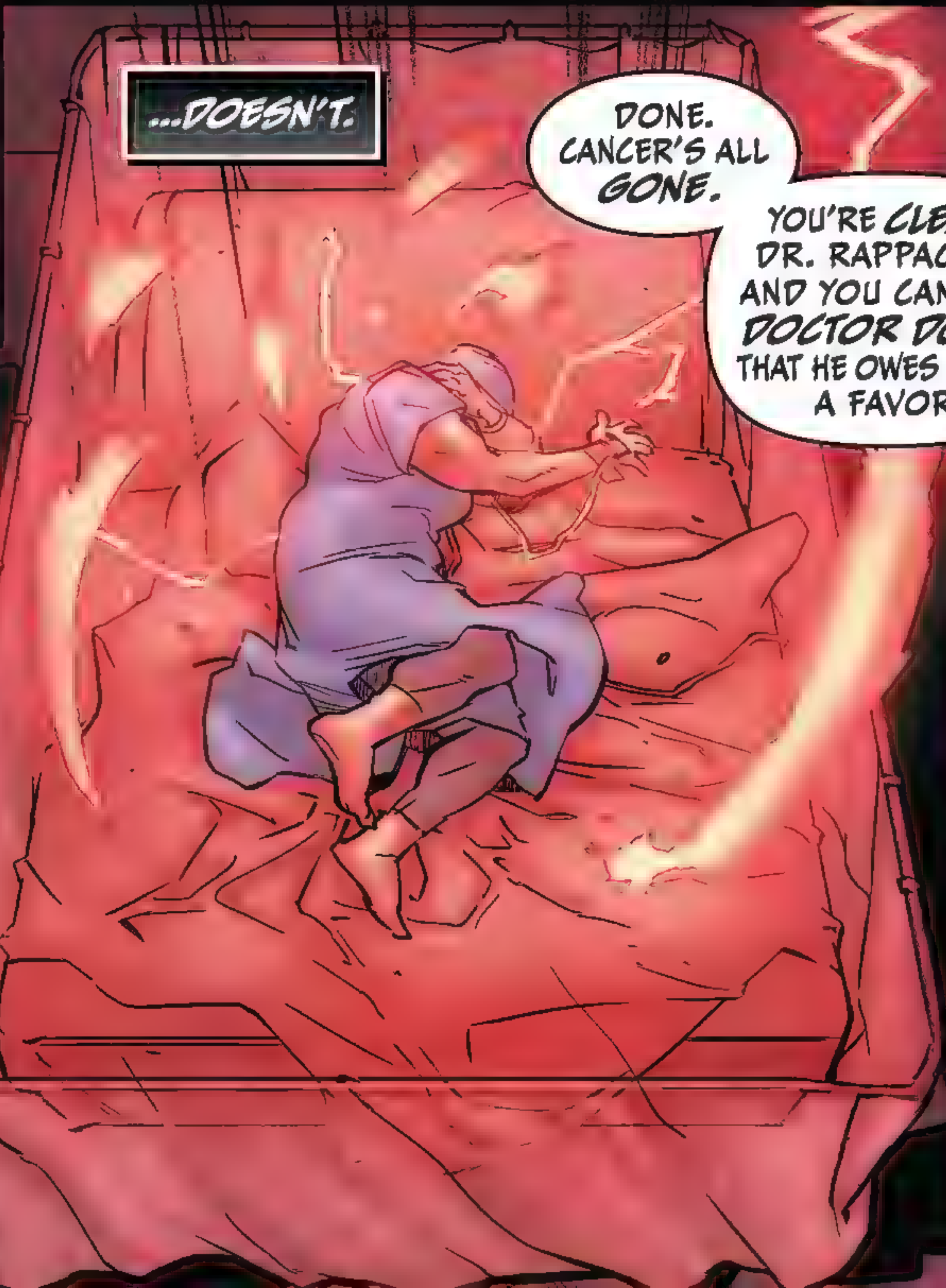
CLAP!



IMAGINE.

YOU CLAP
YOUR HANDS.
JUST CLAP THEM
TOGETHER.
NO BIG DEAL.

AND AS A RESULT,
SOMEONE WHO WAS
GOING TO DIE...

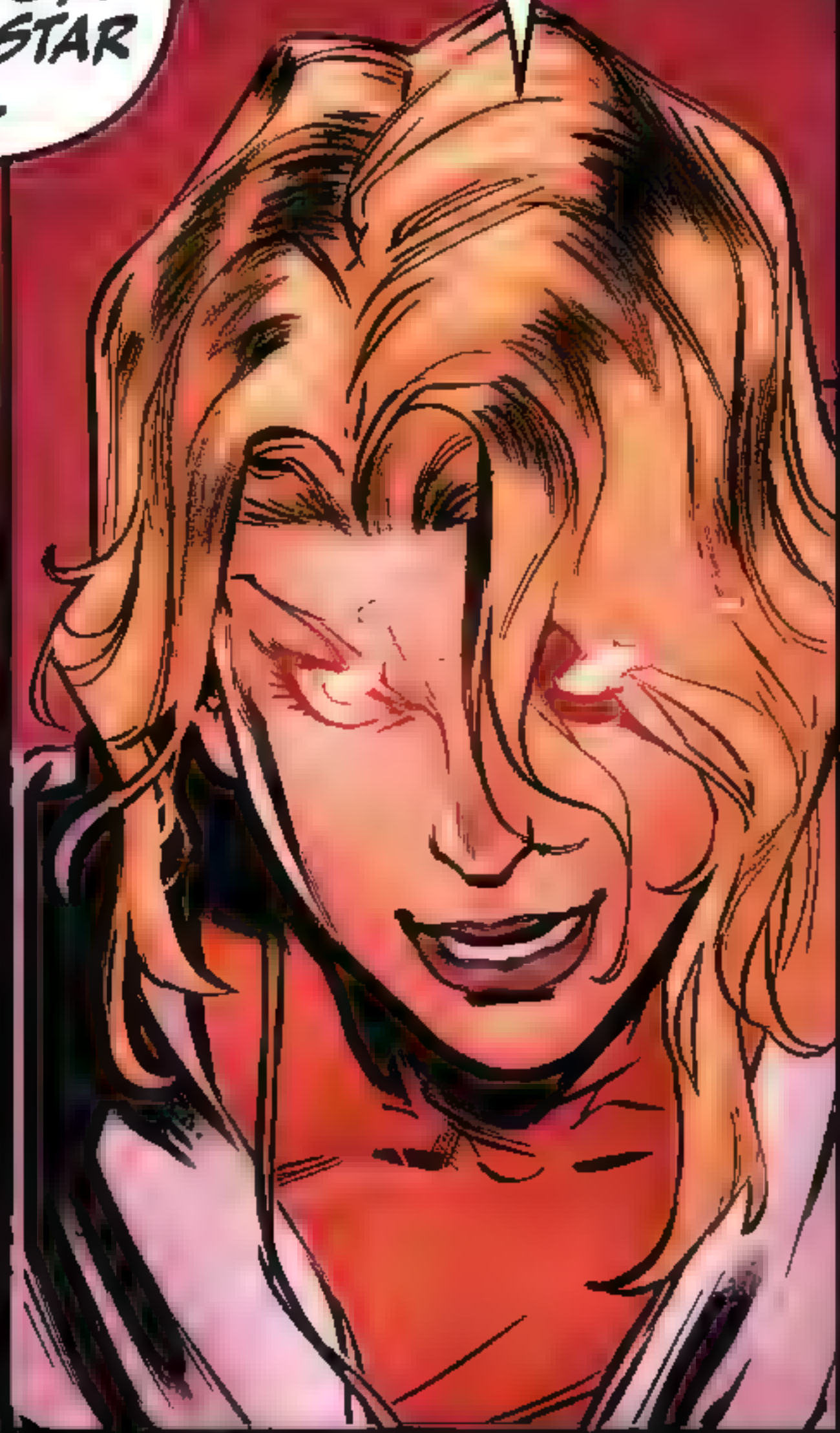


...DOESN'T.

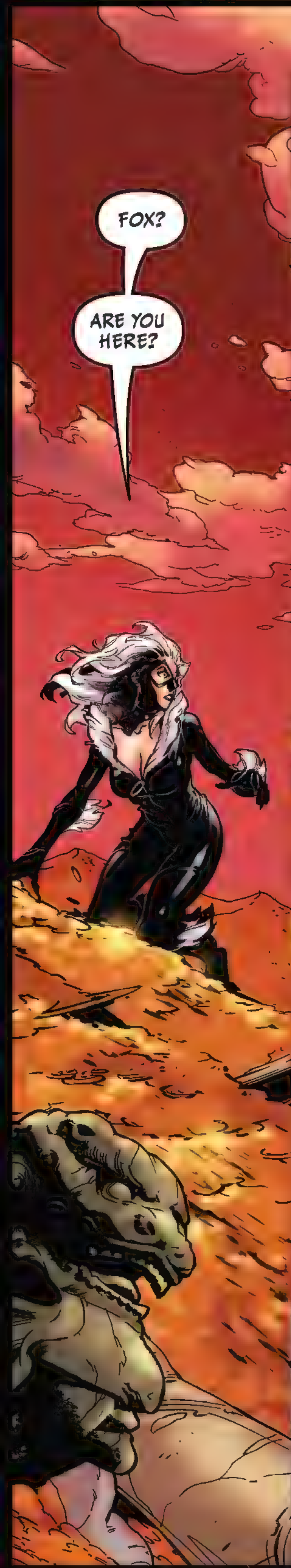
DONE.
CANCER'S ALL
GONE.

YOU'RE CLEAN,
DR. RAPPAZZINI.
AND YOU CAN TELL
DOCTOR DOOM
THAT HE OWES STAR
A FAVOR.

AND YOU, MISS
FELICIA HARDY, MISS
OH-SO-CLEVER...







FOX?

ARE YOU
HERE?

Of course
I am, darling.

Where
ELSE would
I be?

NO ONE
escapes the
vaults.

No one
except the
BLACK CAT, of
course.

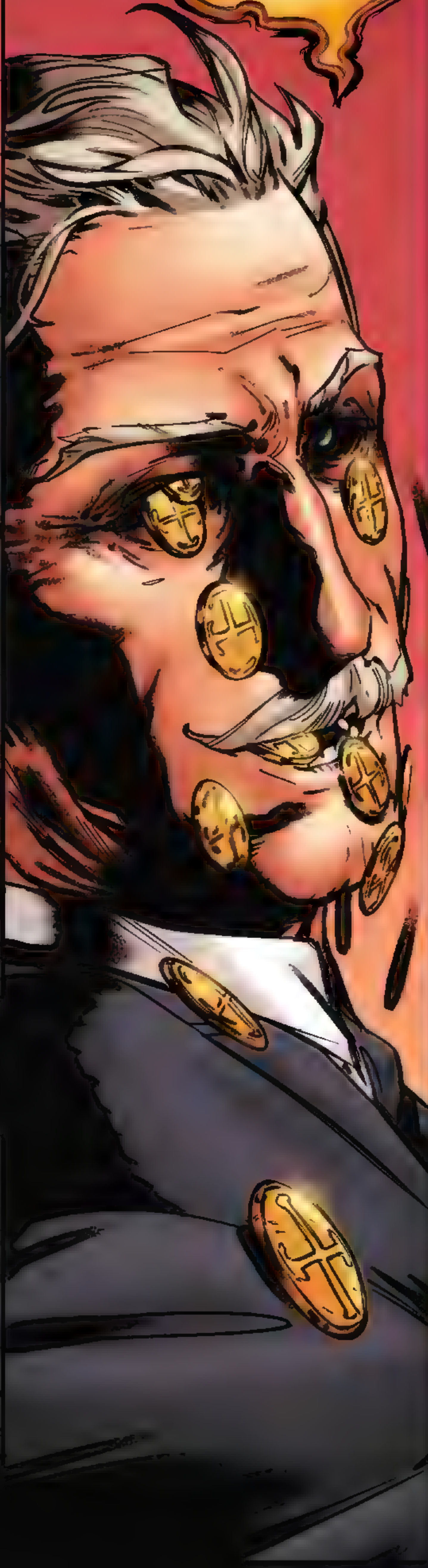
BUT
DON'T WORRY,
DARLING.

I'LL BE
WAITING FOR
YOU HERE.

I'LL BE
WAITING FOR
AS LONG AS
IT TAKES.

Not even
the wily old fox
who loved her.

Who gave her
EVERYTHING
she could
ever want.





"AS LONG AS
IT TAKES."

TWO MONTHS AGO.

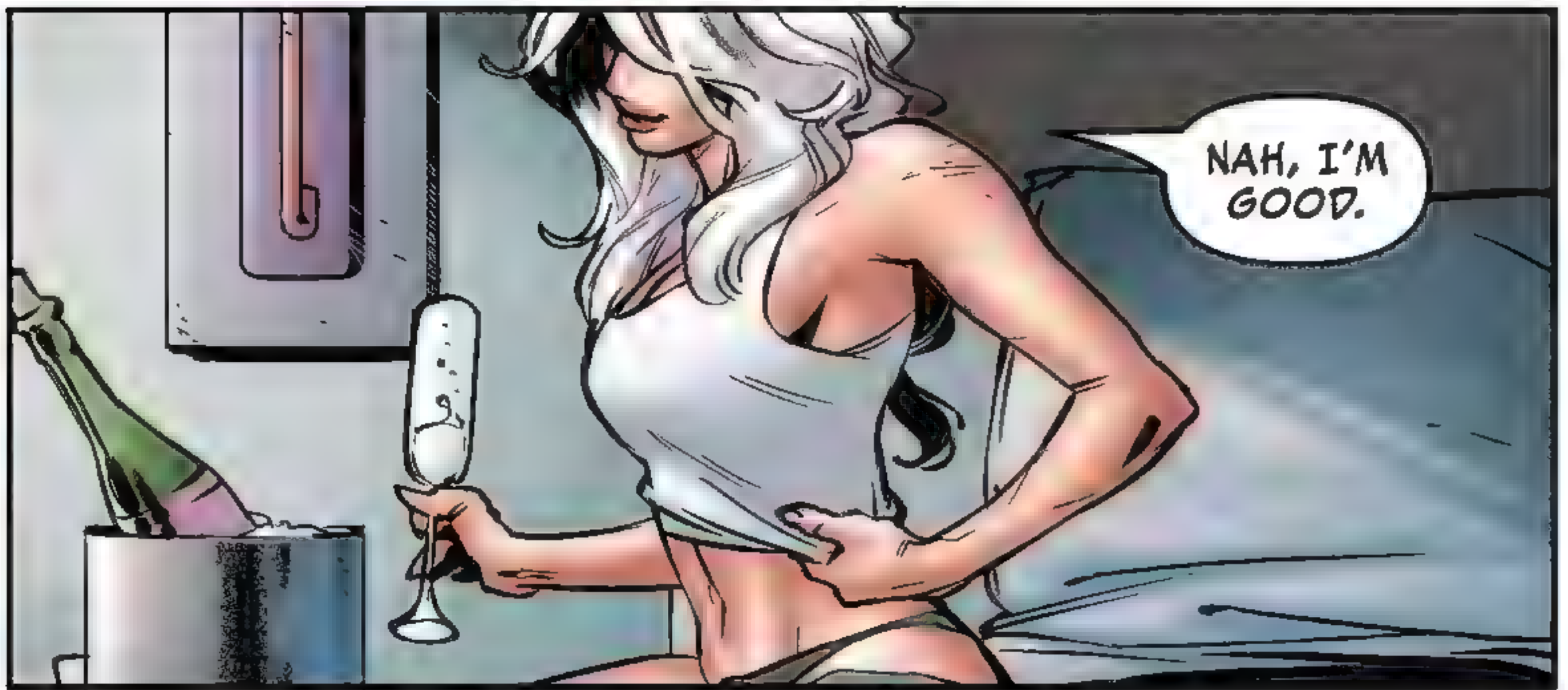
Ugh...



IT'S
SCANDALOUS
HOW LATE YOU
SLEEP.

WHAT
CAN I SAY?
I LIKE TO
INDULGE
MYSELF.

Hmmm.
YOU DO
INDEED.
COFFEE?



NAH, I'M
GOOD.



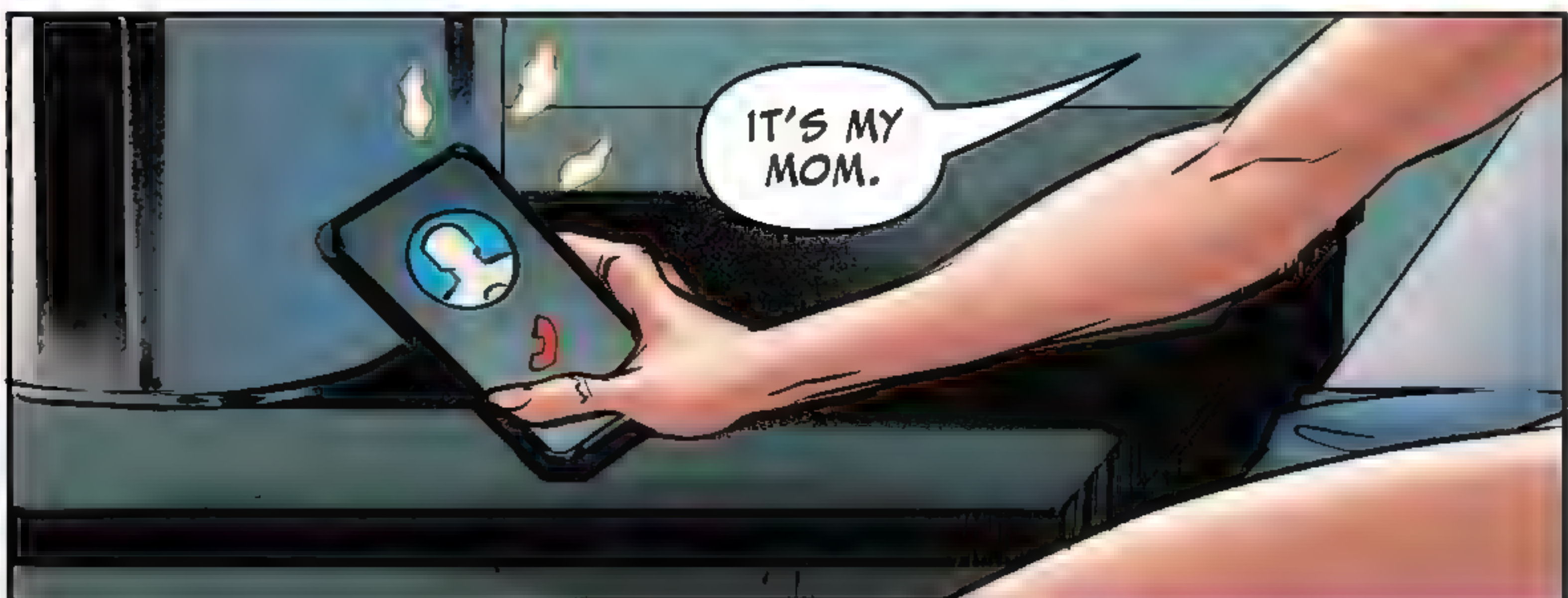
I MUST SAY...

...I AM
BEGINNING TO HAVE SOME
CONCERNS ABOUT YOUR...
INDULGENCES.

Oh, NOW YOU
HAVE CONCERNS ABOUT
MY... INDULGENCES?
I SEEM TO RECALL--

Looking out
for others,
our sisters and
our brothers--

HANG ON.



IT'S MY
MOM.

ONE MONTH AGO.

MY MOM
IS SICK,
ODESSA.

SHE'S
DYING.

Oh.

Oh,
FELICIA,
I'M SO
SORRY.

SHE'S
GOING THROUGH
TREATMENT, BUT
IT WAS A LATE
DIAGNOSIS.

I--I'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING.
THERE'S NOTHING
I CAN STEAL
THAT CAN--

--THAT
CAN HELP
HER.

WHAT
CAN I DO
TO--

I NEED YOU
TO HELP ME.
HELP HER.

I NEED YOU TO BRING
HER INTO THE GUILD.

THE
GILDED
SAINT, THE
DEAL YOU
HAVE--

SHE'LL GET
BETTER--

Oh.
FELICIA,
NO. NO.

I CAN'T.



RIGHT NOW.

WAAAAA!

SO: I'M RUMBLING.

YOU PLAYED ME.

THERE'S NO DOCTOR DOOM. NO MONICA RAPPACCINI.

(I MEAN, THERE ARE, BUT NOWHERE NEAR HERE.)

JUST A GIRL WITH A SICK MOM.

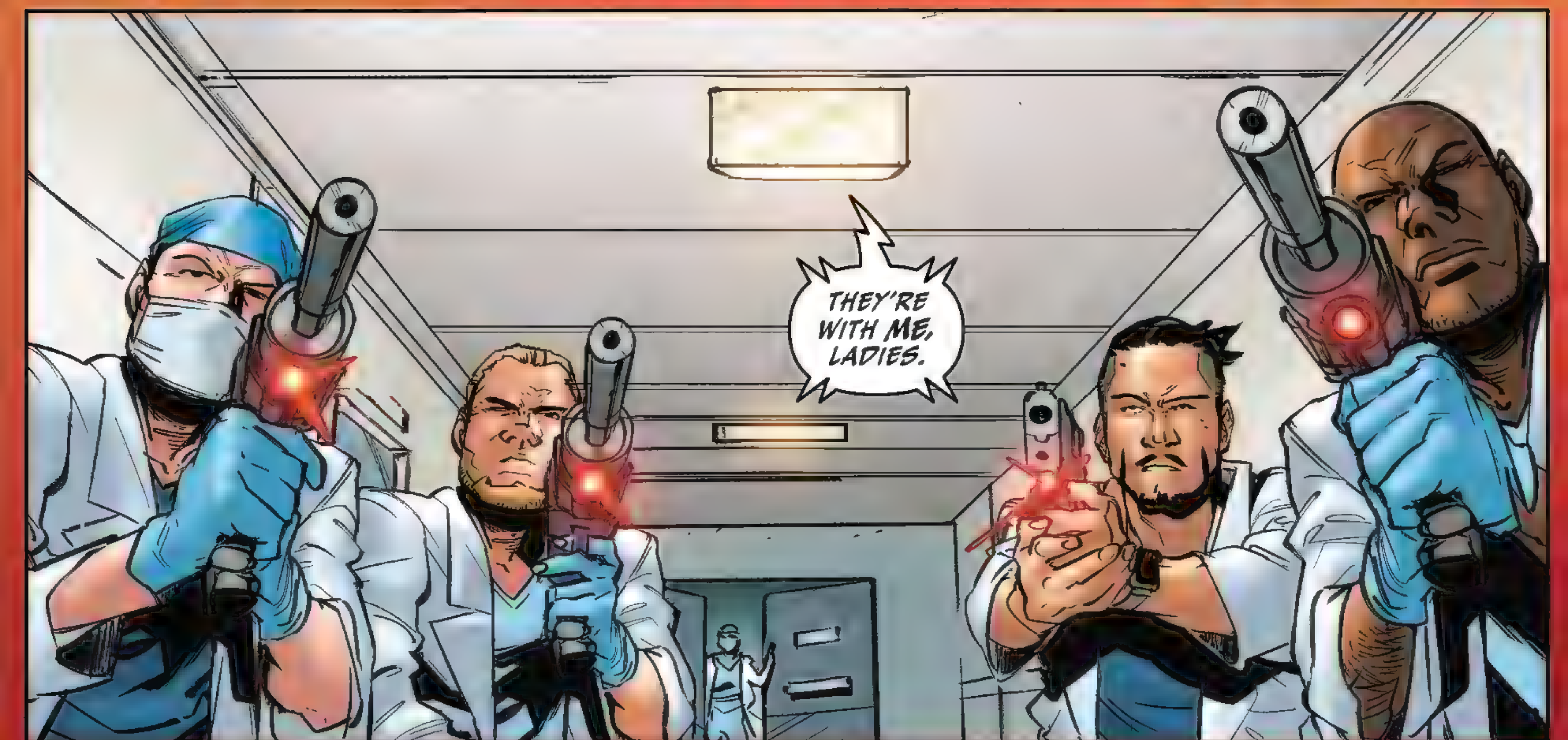
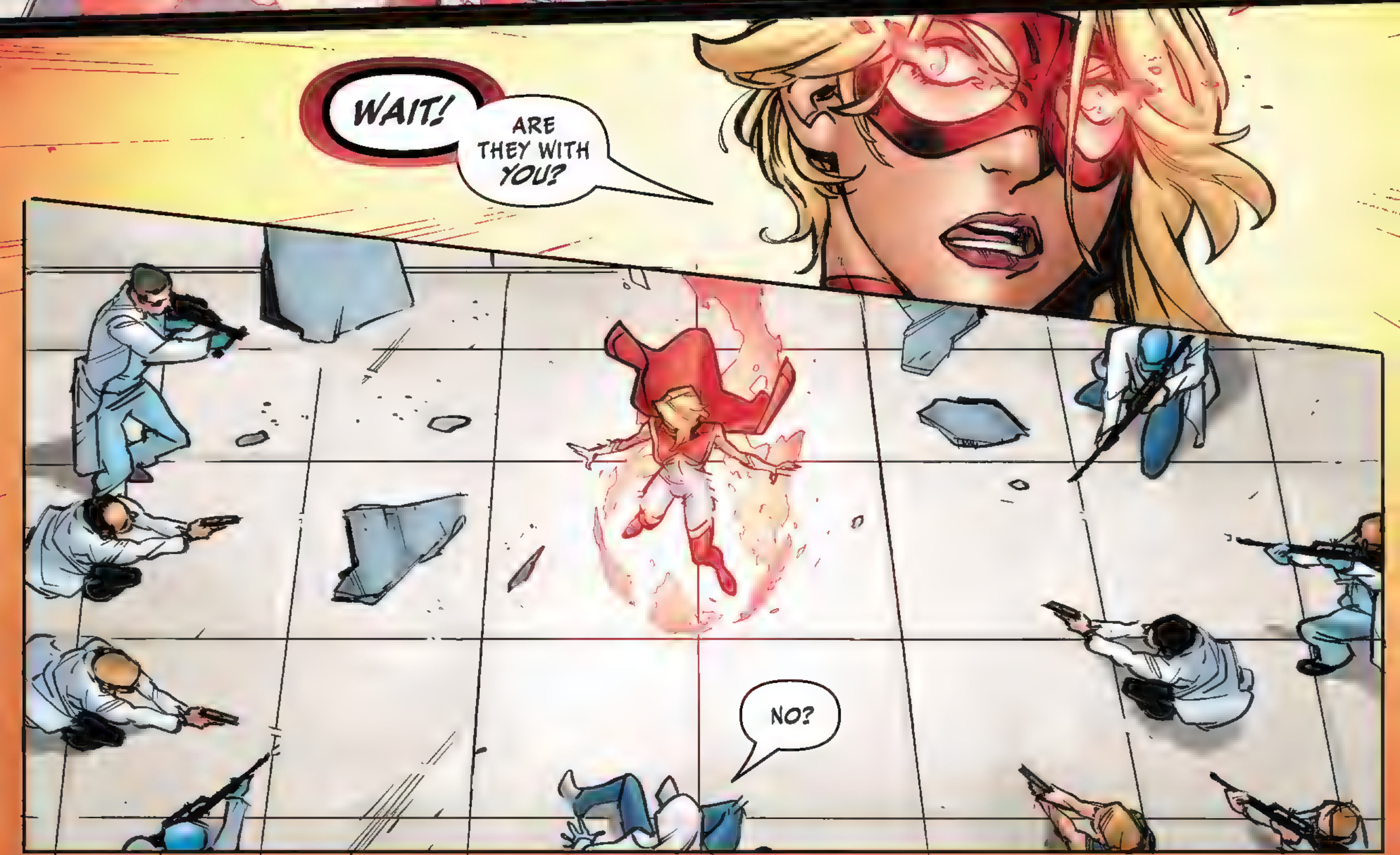
A GIRL WITHOUT ANY COSMIC POWERS.

A GIRL WHO'D TRY AND STEAL THEM, WHATEVER IT TOOK.

A GIRL WHO'D DO ANYTHING NOT TO BE MADE AN ORPHAN.

COME ON. GROW UP.

OF COURSE I DID.



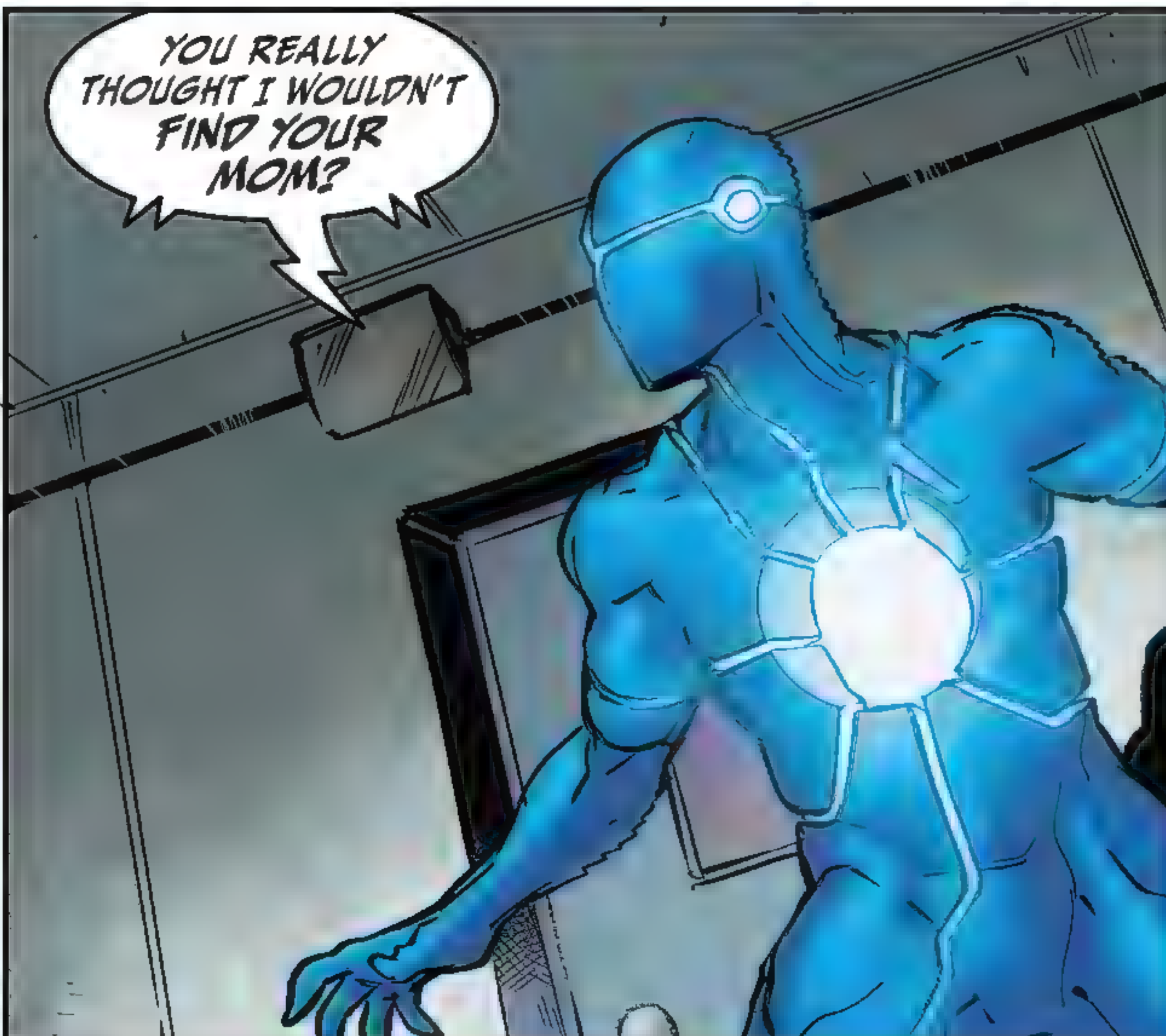


EVERY PATIENT,
EVERY DOCTOR,
EVERY NURSE IN
THIS PLACE...

MY
MERCENARIES.



YOU REALLY
THOUGHT I WOULDN'T
FIGURE IT OUT,
HARDY?



YOU REALLY
THOUGHT I WOULDN'T
FIND YOUR
MOM?



YOU'RE
GOOD,
FURY.

BETTER
THAN I GAVE
YOU CREDIT
FOR.

AND THE
THEATRICALS!
TEN OUT OF TEN.
TOP SCORES.
BRAVO!



APPRECIATE
IT.
DART
THEM.



SO HERE
WE HAVE IT.

AN ARMY OF
MERCENARIES.

A TORQUED-OFF
SUPERSPY.

AND AT LEAST ONE
COSMICALLY POWERED
JERK, ALL AFTER MY HIDE.

(SMART MONEY HAS OVERTIME AND
QUANTUM RUNNING FOR THE HILLS
AS SOON AS FURY HIT THE MIC.)

THOKKI!

AM I MISSING
ANYTHING?

DAMN IT,
BLUE SQUAD!
GET IT TOGETHER
AND PUT SOME
DARTS IN THOSE
WOMEN!

GREEN
SQUAD,
MOVE IN TO
INTERCEPT!

GREEN
SQUAD?

NAH. I THINK
THAT'S IT.

GREEN
SQUAD?

NOW.

THIS MAY NOT BE
THE BEST MOVE...



...BUT I'M A
FIRM BELIEVER
IN THE IDEA THAT
ANYTHING WORTH
DOING...

...OUGHT
TO BE DONE
WITH A
MASK ON.







DAMN PLACE
IS CRAWLING
WITH FURY'S
GUYS.



THEM
AND--

Uh-oh.

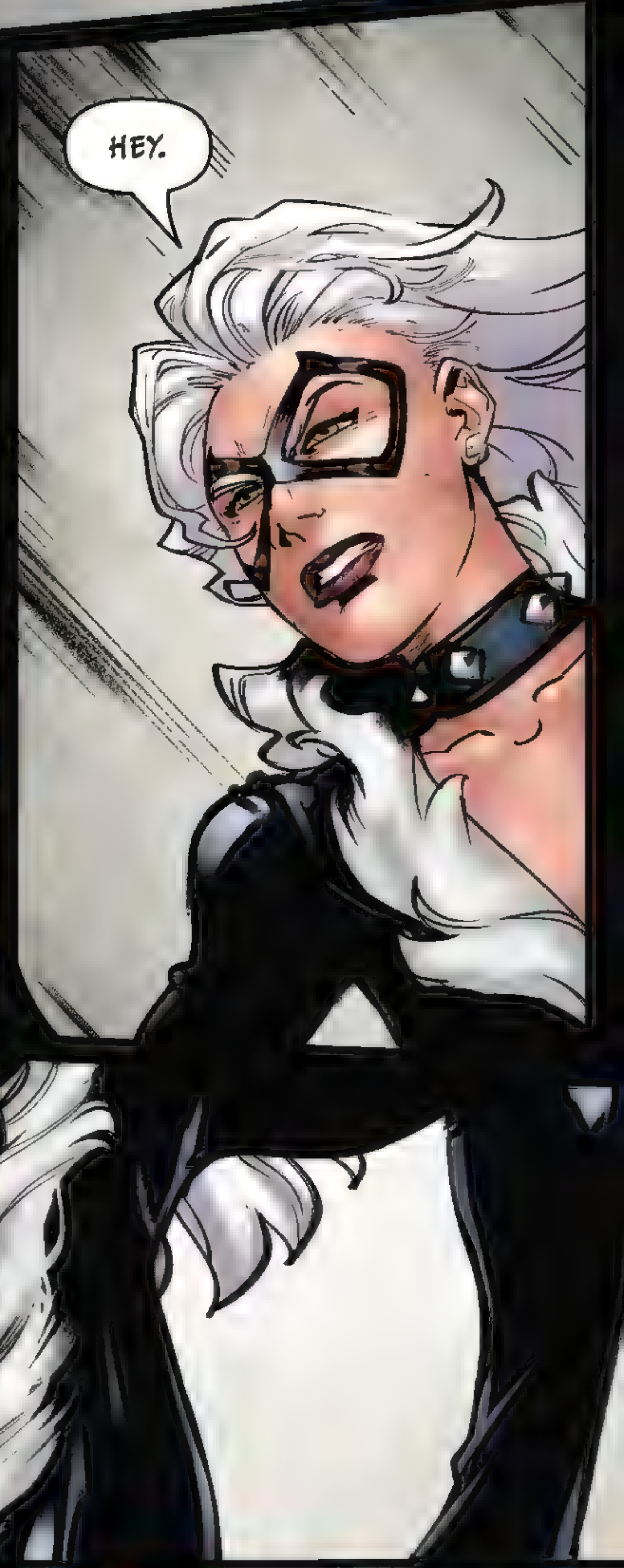
Uh-oh.



I CAN GET
YOU OUT
OF HERE,
FELICIA.

BUT YOU
HAVE TO GIVE
ME THE SCANNER
YOU'VE BEEN
USING TO FIND
THE STONE
HOSTS.

FURY
STOLE IT
FROM ME--
YOU STOLE IT
FROM FURY.
I NEED IT
BACK.



HEY.



SCREW YOU,
NIGHTHAWK!



Hh.





*SEE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY ANNUAL #1 (2021).



YOU'RE
A DEAD
MAN!



Wooo!
GIVE
HIM THE
BUSINESS,
GIRL!



BLAM! BLAM!
HRRK!



IT'S OVER,
FELICIA.

Aaah...
Nooo...

NOW.
YOU GOING
TO TELL ME
WHERE MY
SCANNER
IS?



"YOU OWE
ME ONE"

A WEEK LATER.
THE RAFT.

THIS IS
MY WORST
NIGHTMARE,
FELICIA.

IT WAS BAD
ENOUGH WHEN
I HAD TO VISIT
YOUR FATHER
LIKE THIS.

BUT THAT WAS
ORDINARY PRISON.
THIS PLACE--IT'S FILLED
WITH MANIACS--

RELAX.

MOM.
MOM.

I MEAN, YEAH,
ME BEING ON THE
RAFT INSTEAD OF
NORMAL JAIL?
IT'S STUPID. JUST
HIZZONER BILL FISK,
FLEXING.

BUT WHATEVER.
MAYBE I'LL GET A
THUNDERBOLTS
PARDON OR
SOMETHING. WHO
CARES?

BECAUSE
LOOK AT
YOU!

IT'S
LIKE YOU
WERE NEVER
SICK!

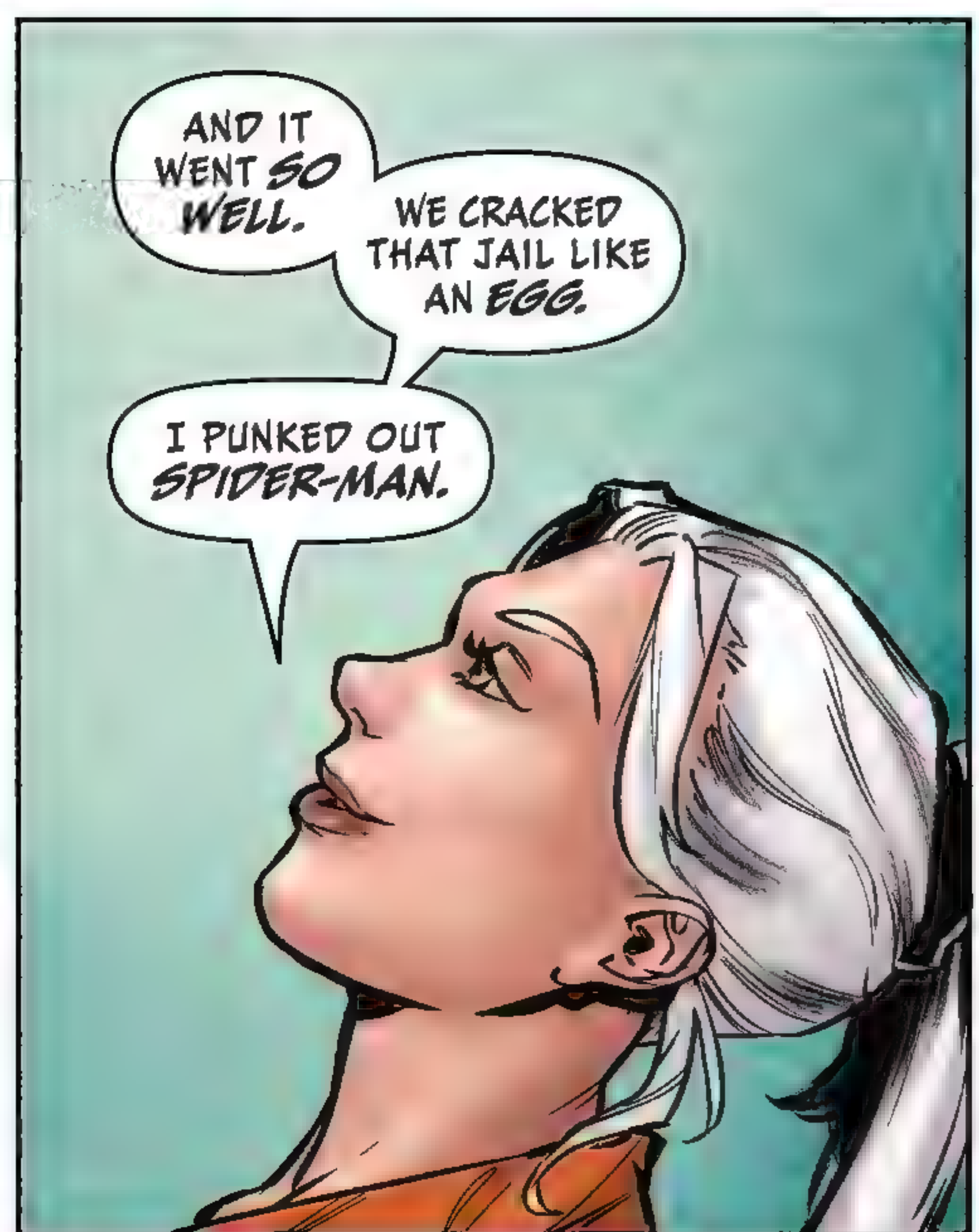
FELICIA!

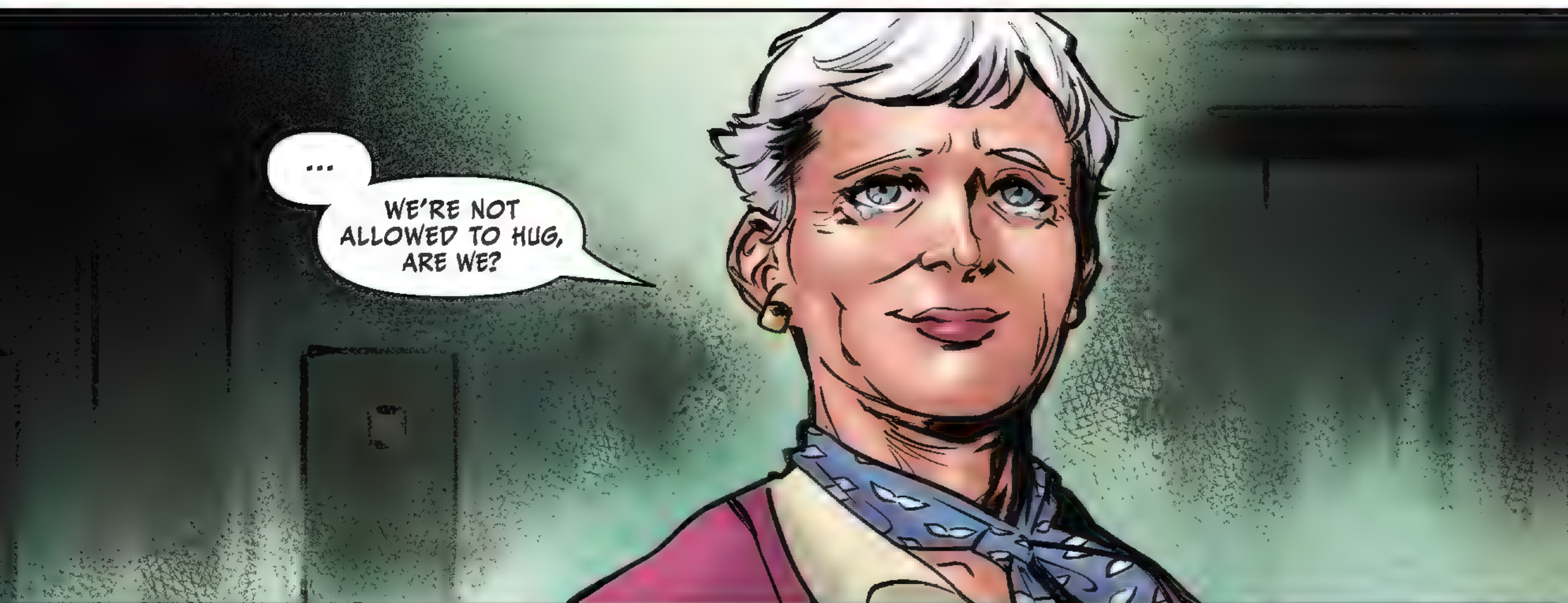
I'D RATHER
HAVE DIED
THAN SEE YOU
IN JAIL!

DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA WHAT
KIND OF SENTENCE
A "RECKLESS USE
OF COSMIC
POWERS" CHARGE
CARRIES?

Ah, ah!

ALLEGED
"RECKLESS
USE OF COSMIC
POWERS,"
PLEASE.













Black Cat #8 variant by **PEACH MOMOKO**



Black Cat #8 Captain America 80th Anniversary variant by **LEINIL FRANCIS YU & SUNNY CHO**



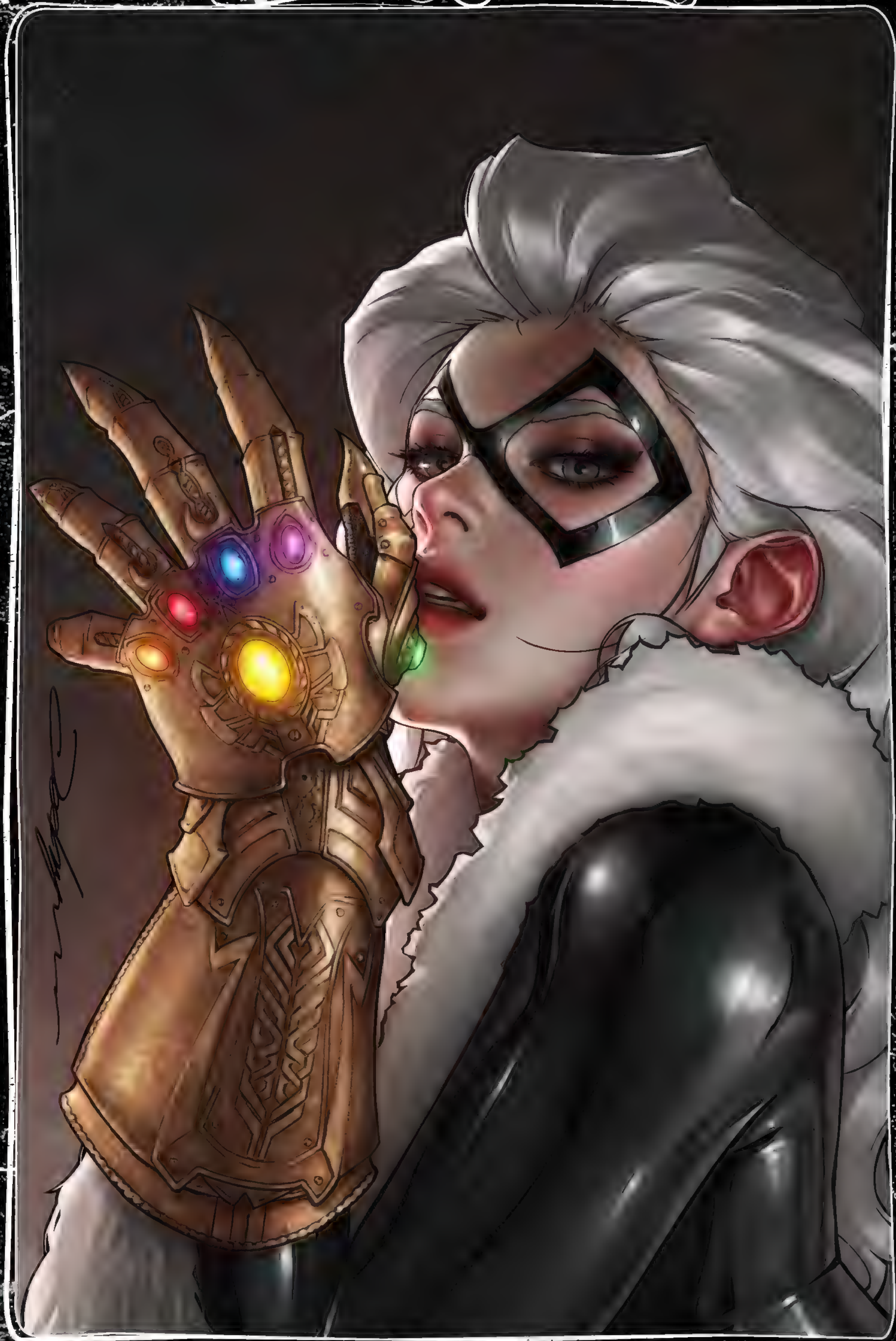
Black Cat #9 variant by **JOSHUA "SWAY" SWABY**



Black Cat #10 variant by **PERE PÉREZ & FRANK D'ARMATA**



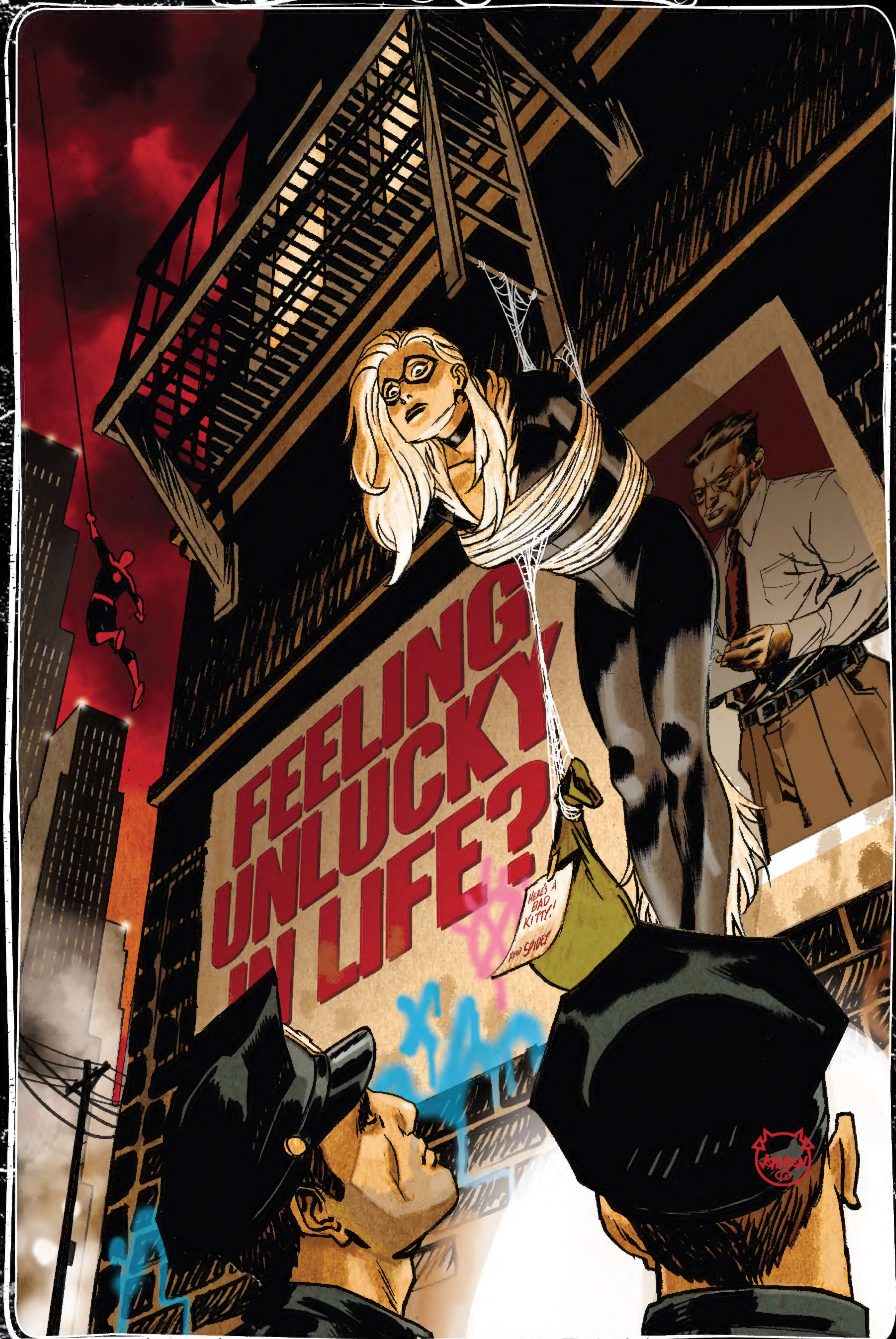
Black Cat #10 Miles Morales Spider-Man 10th Anniversary variant by **DIKE RUAN & DAVE McCAIG**



Giant-Size Black Cat. Infinity Score variant by **JEEHYUNG LEE**



Giant-Size Black Cat: Infinity Score Lucky variant by **DAVE JOHNSON**



Giant-Size Black Cat: Infinity Score Unlucky variant by **DAVE JOHNSON**





“MacKay and Villa...Infuse so much charisma and character into each panel, you can’t help but appreciate the craftsmanship here.” – Comic Watch

FELICIA HARDY HAS BEEN HIRED TO STEAL *THE INFINITY STONES!*

BUT HAS ANYONE TOLD HER THAT THESE STONES ARE NOW PEOPLE? Regardless, Nick Fury will do anything to stop the stone-bearers from being gathered — even if that means taking all nine of Felicia’s lives! The Black Cat has been picking away at the corners of the Marvel Universe, but this heist will put her square in the middle — just where she does not want to be! Brace yourselves for the cosmic caper of the century as Felicia Hardy dives headfirst into the Infinity Score!



COLLECTING **BLACK CAT (2020) #8-10** AND **GIANT-SIZE BLACK CAT: INFINITY SCORE** —
BY JED MacKAY, C.F. VILLA AND BRIAN REBER.

